









THE GIRL SHRANK FROM DOYLE AS THOUGH HER OLD AVERSION FOR HIM YET LIVED.—(P. 32.)



THE SEA AND SHORE SERIES—No. 11.

ISSUED MONTHLY.  
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$3.00 PER YEAR.

SEPTEMBER, 1889.

*Copyrighted, 1889, by Street & Smith.  
Entered at the Post-Office, New York, as Second-Class Matter.*

THE  
IRISH MONTE CRISTO'S SEARCH

OR,

THE BONANZA KING IN NEW YORK.

---

BY

ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF

"GOLD-MAKER OF LISBON," "JOLETTE'S FATE," "WEDDED  
TO WIN," FROZEN HEARTS," ETC.

---

NEW YORK:

STREET & SMITH, Publishers,  
31 Rose Street.

# Pears' Soap

Fair white hands.  
Bright clear complexion  
Soft healthful skin.

PEARS' SOAP HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED IN LONDON 100 YEARS, both as a COMPLEXION and as a SHAVING SOAP, has obtained 15 INTERNATIONAL AWARDS, and is now sold in every city of the world. It is the *purest, cleanest, finest*, most elegant and economical, and therefore the best of all soaps for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES; and for use in the NURSERY it is unequalled. PEARS' SOAP can now be had of nearly all Druggists, *but be sure that you get the genuine, as there are worthless imitations.*

---

PAINLESS  
**BEECHAM'S**  
THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE  
**PILLS**  
EFFECTUAL  
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Weak Stomach—Impaired Digestion—Disordered Liver.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

**PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.**

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

*B. F. ALLEN & CO., Sole Agents*

**FOR UNITED STATES, 365 & 367 CANAL ST., NEW YORK.**

Who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—*but inquire first.* (Please mention this paper.)

# THE IRISH MONTE CRISTO'S SEARCH.

---

## CHAPTER I.

### MONTE CRISTO IN NEW YORK.

"Is Mr. O'Connor in?"

The clerk at the Fifth Avenue Hotel glanced sharply at the person who addressed him, as though any one connected with *the* O'Connor was an object of especial interest in his eyes.

"He is in."

"And expecting me?"

"You are——"

"Obed Grimes."

The name was that of the most noted detective in all Gotham—a man who had solved many of the great mysteries of the metropolis, being connected in ways the public never knew, with the Manhattan Bank robbery, the Nathan murder case, and the great Stewart vault mystery.

No wonder the hotel clerk looked at him with more than ordinary interest.

He saw a quiet man, unobtrusive, and with a smooth face not unlike an actor's.

When speaking Mr. Grimes had a habit of fastening his eyes upon some object in the distance, and thus focusing his thoughts.

Such queer eyes they were, too—gray by nature, and yet capable of changing the expression so that one actually believed at times the color had altered, too.

The clerk touched a bell.

A boy sprang to the desk.

“Show this gentleman to Mr. O’Connor’s parlors.”

A minute later the New York detective sat in the most magnificent suite of rooms in the hotel.

A prince could have had no finer.

He looked around him coolly, for nothing surprised this quiet man.

“Evidently the gentleman has the hard cash,” was the mental opinion he formed.

A firm footstep in the adjoining room caught his attention just then, the connecting door was thrown open, and a gentleman entered.

One glance Mr. Grimes gave.

It swept O’Connor from head to foot, and comprehended everything about him.

The detective could have turned away and described the man accurately from that one look.

Redmond O’Connor was a man of fine stature and commanding appearance.

He did not appear to be over thirty-five years of age, and was a handsome gentleman, wearing a full beard, and having blue eyes that sparkled with fun or flashed with the rage of a lion, as circumstances controlled his feelings.

Mr. Grimes grunted.

He liked the man at first sight.

O’Connor came up, and held out his hand.

“Mr. Grimes, you have been recommended to me as the keenest detective in New York.”

The old clew-finder bowed his head.

Perhaps the faintest shadow of a smile lurked in the corners of his thin mouth. He saw that O'Connor was an Irishman all through, even though he had a military bearing about him, as though he had served in the ranks of her majesty's regiments.

"Are you busy just now, sir?"

"I have a number of cases on hand."

"Could they be dropped or handed over?"

Mr. Grimes rubbed his chin.

"Some of them are of importance—that is, they will bring me in quite a revenue."

"Hang the revenue, sir. Give me your time—every minute of it, and I will double any amount you might possibly have made from such cases."

The detective hesitated no longer. He sat down.

"Consider it a bargain, Mr. O'Connor. I am at your service.

The other walked to the door.

Mr. Grimes was not surprised to see him open it, and look out in the hall; after which he turned the key in the lock.

A man who would engage him at such an enormous price must have strange business of importance to be transacted.

It was but proper that he should be cautious.

Mr. Grimes liked the trait in his employer.

Men with Irish blood in their veins are apt to be too careless, trusting every one.

Redmond O'Connor had learned by experience how the world treats a confiding man, and he had adopted a policy not natural to him.

He came and sat near the detective, resting his arm upon the table, and assuming an easy position, as though he had much to tell.

"Mr. Grimes, in the beginning it is understood be-

tween us, that all you hear is a dead secret, never to be uttered to a living soul unless I give you positive permission?"

The other bowed his head.

"I accept the trust under those conditions."

"I am about to tell you much of my life history, and it involves persons and things that I do not care for the world to know.

"My lips will be sealed."

"I am something of a reader of men myself, Mr. Grimes, and I can believe what you say.

"Hence I shall proceed without delay.

"My full name is Redmond Bardie O'Connor.

"Years ago I was induced to enter a regiment of her majesty's cavalry.

"The service did not suit me, as I was too much of a Fenian at heart.

"I had a quarrel with a fellow-officer, and was dismissed the service.

"At home in the old country my hot blood got me into more trouble.

"Here a plot was formed against me, and I was thrown into the prison on Spike Island for conspiracy against the government.

"Though innocent I knew my enemies were powerful, and that I would be sacrificed unless I managed to make my escape.

"Day by day I dug my way through the wall, concealing the work.

"At last I broke through, to find myself in a cell with an old white-haired man, who looked not unlike a *maniac*.

"He had lain there for years, and had given up all hope of escape.

"My coming put new fire in his veins.

"We became friends.

"Night after night I joined him, and together we would labor for freedom, hiding the work ere we parted at the dawn of another day.

"We confided our life stories one to another.

"His had been a most remarkable life of adventure.

"Among all the strange things that had happened to him one stirred my blood.

"This was about an adventure he had had in Peru, among the mountains, where he had seen the fabled treasure of the old Inca's in a cave, heaps upon heaps of golden ingots, stored there more than three hundred years, and watched by the members of a certain family devoted to the work.

"Believing that he spoke the truth I had him draw rude maps of the country—how he had escaped from it, and giving every detail.

"It might be a fabrication of his mind, but I remembered the Count of Monte Cristo, and it was the wild dream of my life to possess unlimited riches.

"At last our time came.

"One night while the storm howled without, and the guards cowered on their posts, we broke through the wall of the prison.

"The water of the harbor was fully forty feet below and inky darkness around.

"When the lightning flashed we could see the British men-o'-war at anchor, and the villas along the shore, while the lights of Queenstown were glimmering in the distance.

"Already had we provided for this emergency.

"A rude rope had been made, and we began the perilous descent.

"I went first, and waited for my old friend.

"To be brief, we were discovered, and had to leap into the sea, being unable to get a boat, as had been our original intention.

"Guns were fired at us, for the war vessels illuminated the water at the first alarm with their lights, while boats put out after us.

"The old man was struck by a ball.

"I saw he was dead before I left him, and as the boats clustered around I had all I could do to save my own neck.

"Through strategy I secured a hold behind one of the boats unseen by the occupants, and finally reached the shore, almost dead.

"Here I secreted myself in a barn.

"Heaven was kind to me.

"One who proved an old friend found me there, and with Tom Gratton's aid I disguised myself.

"Thus I was enabled to see my old father and the girl I loved once more before Tom and myself sailed for this blessed country.

"A narrow escape I had of it in sailing, for my enemies got wind of something, and sent officers to the vessel.

"But Tom had made friends with the crew, and I was nailed up in an empty water cask when the officers searched the ship.

"Landing in this country my mind was full of the great plan for securing the untold wealth of the old Incas in Peru.

"For a year I made preparations.

"Finally, scraping together every dollar I could, with Tom I went to Panama, and from that point made our way to Peru.

"Now and then I had fears.



"Perhaps the old convict's mind had been impaired by his life in the military prison.

"He might have only dreamed these things.

"It was with considerable interest, therefore, that I found myself in the country which he had described to me.

"The rude maps I had kept through all my troubles.

"What was my delight when I found these to be as accurate as was possible.

"Thus one thing was proved.

"The old man had undoubtedly been in this region or else he could not have made the maps.

"Had he seen the great treasure?

"I remembered the story of Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror of Peru, who tortured the Inca to death, trying to make him reveal the secret cavern where he had hidden his golden millions.

"There was a bare possibility of its truth.

"Step by step faithful Tom and myself worked along the trail mapped out by the old convict.

"We met with difficulties.

"Besides we had to work in secret, for we had discovered that danger and death lurked in those dark mountains that overhung the lovely river.

"Men were seen at times—dark-faced men, who evidently bore native blood in their veins, and yet were men of the world besides.

"Their actions were mysterious—they were always heavily armed—when one went into the mountains another came out.

"This agreed with the old man's story.

"He had declared that the descendants of the old Incas still guarded that sacred treasure, so that the world should never see it.

"I need not explain how we went to work, but

when two Irishmen make up their minds to accomplish some object, things in their way must be swept aside.

"We found the cavern, and unseen came upon the heaped up treasure of the Incas.

"There it was in untold millions—ingots piled as high as my head, and every one of them worth a king's ransom."

Here the Irish gentleman arose, and brought out a decanter with glasses.

"Are you interested, Mr. Grimes?"

"Most decidedly so. It is Monte Cristo over again. I can hardly wait for you to finish. I trust there is more to tell."

"Our adventures were far from over, as you will presently see for yourself. Refresh yourself, sir, and then I will go on to tell you why I have desperate need of your services just now."

A minute later O'Connor ceased walking up and down the handsome parlor, and threw himself into the easy-chair he had before occupied.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE BONANZA KING'S STARTLING STORY.

Mr. Grimes was a man used to controlling his emotions, and yet under the circumstances even he might have been excused for showing an interest here.

Surely a man never sat and listened to a more astonishing story than the one being told by the Irish Monte Cristo. The Arabian Nights—Baron Munchausen—all those strange romances originating in the minds of fertile writers, were outdone.

Mr. Grimes inwardly burned with impatience to hear the balance of O'Connor's wonderful adventures, though outwardly he was cool enough.

Redmond offered him a fine cigar, took one himself, and striking a match lit the weed.

"To resume:

"Having found the wonderful treasure of old Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, hidden about 1533, from the sharp-eyed Pizarro, who had already secured nearly twenty million dollars from the prince, our next duty was to make it our own, and this was a job requiring not a little maneuvering on our part.

"We finally discovered a means of leaving the cavern on the side toward the river.

"The guard had his station at the mouth of the cavern, and it was only by strategy that we had been enabled to pass him by.

"They were strict enough, but no enemy having been in the mountains for many years, naturally

they had become careless and did their duties in a mechanical way.

"We found a small crevice which we enlarged, and made a pathway down to the river.

"This we concealed, and left the neighborhood, proceeding to the city of Lima.

"Here we bought a boat which had been left for sale by a party of tourists disgusted with traveling around the world.

"It was a small steam-yacht, in good order, which could proceed under sail if necessary.

"Everything about her we painted black, and as we had carried away a couple of golden ingots we were able to have things ship-shape.

"Finally we steamed away.

"Under cover of night we moved along, and in the day remained secreted.

"In this way we entered among the wild mountains where the treasure cave lay.

"Everything depended on secrecy, and we were careful not to betray our presence, as the strange treasure guards would at once have taken the alarm.

"At last our point was gained.

"We reached the spot we had marked, where the secret path terminated.

"Here the black little craft was secreted, so that the keenest of eyes could not see her.

"We always went heavily armed, for we knew that if discovered a signal would bring all of the strange guards of the treasure to the spot, and they would count danger and death as nothing in the endeavor to make way with us.

"Now we set about gaining a comprehensive idea as to their methods.

"Finally we learned that it was customary on the

night of the new moon for the seven guards to meet in the treasure chamber and indulge in a sort of orgy, renewing their vows.

"We waited for this to pass off, believing we would then have a whole month before us.

"As soon as matters had settled down to their old way, we began to work.

"It was slow, but we had to be so careful lest discovery should come.

"It took us five nights to remove the great pile of gold to our little yacht.

"There were millions upon millions in it, and we worked with a zeal beyond comparison.

"Thus far we had had no trouble.

"The guard was changed every night, but not one of the defenders of the treasure had bothered himself to enter the cavern.

"On the last night we did not have over a dozen bars to carry off.

"When the young moon vanished in the ragged gulch between the heavy old mountain peaks to the west, we would be ready to slip past and float down the wonderful river toward the ocean.

"I do not know whether we had become careless and made some sound, or it was something else that attracted the guard.

"Faithful Tom had just gone with a bar of the dull yellow metal, and I was about to follow, when suddenly a figure flashed into the chamber.

"It was the guard.

"I could see him plainly, and note the terrible frenzy that seized upon him when he saw that the great pile of golden ingots lying there these three centuries and a half had vanished, almost as the cold, gray mist of the morning.

"The treasure cave was lighted by a strange lamp, fed with oil from a large reservoir, and which could burn many weeks.

"Thus it was always half light in there.

"The guard leaped at my throat with the fury of a panther.

"My Irish blood was up.

"I met him half way, and striking his arm with my fist sent the knife he held flying across to the other side of the cavern.

"It was a lucky stroke, for I have reason to believe the knives of the guards were invariably tipped with poison.

"We closed then.

"The fellow was remarkably strong, and he fought like a madman.

"I did not want to kill him, for it went against my grain, but he must be secured.

"Even then we would only have a start of some sixteen hours, ere the country would be aflame with the news of our sacrilegious act.

"When Tom came back I was kneeling on the senseless guard, who had not been my equal in the rough and tumble encounter.

"We bound and gagged the wretch.

"Tom was for drowning him, but I would not listen to such a proposition.

"So we left him on the spot where the gold had been so long.

"Once on our little yacht we set out.

"The guard being gone, there was less danger of discovery, and as time was of value to us we determined to push on more rapidly.

"Let me hasten.

"We were pursued, but finally started up the coast with our treasure load.

"A small vessel bore down on us, and we could see the dark faces of our enemies on board.

"We had a cannon on the steam-yacht.

"This brave Tom Gratton served, and with the third shot brought down the single mast of the pursuing craft, which we left wallowing helplessly in the rising wind and sea.

"Through all these perils I had come out victorious, and at San Francisco I stored my gold cargo in many banks, exchanging much of it for money, after which we started East.

"No one had heard of our wonderful exploit, and we kept it a secret.

"More than once I wondered what had become of the seven sworn guardians of the treasure.

"I could never forget the sight I had of them on board their demoralized craft, and something within me told my soul that I had not met them for the last time.

"They would try to follow me all over the world for the purpose of revenge.

"Mr. Grimes, I am possessed of untold millions—money to me is like water.

"I can buy almost any man who lives, such is my astonishing wealth, but I am not easy.

"My dreams have come true.

"I have been tracked.

"One of those dark-faced guards of the Inca's treasure is in New York at this very hour, and you can guess what he seeks.

"I am no coward—I have met men in fair duel with sword and pistol—have dared dangers that would appall most men, but somehow the thought of

that dark-skinned thug creeping after me, sworn to drive his poisoned knife into my heart, sends a shudder through me.

"That is why I have sent for you.

"I need the assistance of a keen brain to help me outwit the intended assassin.

"If any man can do it you are the one.

"Spare no expense, but see to it that this man who creeps after me day and night is put where he can do no harm."

Mr. Grimes was staring out of the window.

A far away look seemed on his face.

Perhaps some figure over on the square had attracted and claimed his attention.

"You don't want me to kill him?"

"Heaven forbid! He is only doing his duty, and in a way I have already wronged him and his enough, but what good was that treasure doing the world, shut up over three centuries?"

"None."

"You would have done as I did, Mr. Grimes?"

"I should have liked the chance, that's all."

"Very good. Under the circumstances I leave it all in your hands. Scare him off, and if that proves impossible we must adopt other means.

"Of course I always go armed, and if the fellow suddenly attacks me I shall have to shoot him in self-defense, though I should hate to be compelled to do this."

"This is my duty, then?"

"Part of it."

"Ah! you have something else to impart?"

"I have."

"Doesn't concern this strange adventure?"

"In a measure, it does."



The Irish Monte Cristo had become nervous.

Arising from his seat he went to the door, and opening it looked around.

When he came back the restless look was gone from his face.

"Zounds! I've heard of the wear and tear of riches before, but it's the first chance I've had to realize the truth of it."

"You'll grow accustomed to it."

"Perhaps so."

"Now about this other duty."

"It concerns—a woman."

Mr. Grimes did not start, but he shut one eye as though he had expected such an announcement.

In his checkered experience he had found that a woman and gold are at the bottom of every trouble that human flesh is heir to.

Not that the woman was always to blame—sometimes this was so, and again not, but he looked for a woman in every case he worked.

"Ah! yes, a woman."

"You remember I gave a hint about having a sweetheart in the old country whom I bade good-bye to when I shook off the dust of Ireland some two years ago?"

"Yes."

"One of the first things I did after arriving in New York was to cable my old father, telling him I had struck it big—that I would send him a pile very shortly that would keep him in clover all the rest of his days, living on the squire's farm—and asking my Katy to come out to me and be married.

"I received in reply the news that Katy Sullivan, my beautiful sweetheart, had sailed on the steamer

City of Rome, and must be in New York a week by this time.

"Then I began the hunt.

"I found she had gone to a certain house, where a lady had met her, and then she had vanished utterly from the world.

"You must find her for me. I fear that some terrible evil has happened to her. There is a deep mystery in her disappearance. I give you the address where she went first."

"Mr. O'Connor," in a low tone.

"Yes."

"You are accustomed to surprises?"

"I ought to be, sir."

"Then listen. There is a man hiding behind the door leading into your dressing-room—he has just entered by an open window in the room beyond."

"It must be the thug from Peru," calmly said O'Connor.

## CHAPTER III.

## MR. GRIMES OPENS UPON THE TRAIL.

O'Connor showed no sign of nervousness at the situation, though he knew full well the danger it involved.

"What shall we do about it?" he asked.

"We might secure him, but I think it would be better to see what he's after."

"By asking him?"

"Bless your heart, no. We'll pretend to go out. Then I'll slip into that corner behind the sofa—he can't see it from his position. You go on down the hall talking as though I were there."

"When shall I return?"

"Oh! in half an hour, unless you hear from me before."

"Very good. Wait until I get my hat, sir, and I'll be ready to go with you," aloud.

The programme was carried out.

At the door Mr. Grimes suddenly and almost mysteriously sank out of sight, making not the slightest sound to indicate the fact, while O'Connor kept on talking, banged the door, locked it, and went down the broad hall.

It was no small piece of business which the veteran Mr. Grimes had now taken upon himself to carry out.

He was locked in a room with a man whose life seemed to be devoted to revenge.

This desperate individual was armed with a knife, the tip of which was touched with poison.

Even a scratch from this awful blade was enough to bring about death.

Mr. Grimes, however, was there to watch, and he did not mean to bring about a collision unless it could not possibly be prevented.

Several minutes passed.

As yet there was no sign from the man who was hidden behind the door.

After a little time he came out, and began to search around the rooms.

Evidently he was looking for something.

His eagerness proclaimed that.

Mr. Grimes believed this dark-faced man to be the spy spoken of by the Irish Monte Cristo, but he could not make out what the man's actions signified at all.

Did he expect that the other kept the ingots of gold piled up under his bed?

Perhaps he looked for a strong box, which he could carry off, thus securing the great fortune of the Irish Monte Cristo at a blow?

Whatever his object he continued his search with determined eagerness.

It was only a question when he must run across the hiding-place of the detective.

A delay of even a few minutes gave him an opportunity to think the matter over.

Hence he had decided on his plan when the dark face peered into his hiding-place at the end.

Mr. Grimes deliberately stood up.

The prowler uttered a short, sharp cry, more like a note of alarm from a hound than a human being.

With incredible swiftness he flew into the adjoining apartment whence he had come.

Mr. Grimes, drawing a revolver as he did so, sprang through the door-way also.

The man was not to be seen.

A window stood open.

Undoubtedly the strange man had made use of this in taking his flight.

When the old detective put his head out he saw the dark-skinned athlete pulling himself in through an adjoining window that looked out upon the court.

As nothing more could be learned from this source Mr. Grimes wrote a few lines, and left the paper where the eye of O'Connor must fall upon it as soon as he entered.

Then he left the hotel.

It was a strange story he had heard.

But for the ocular evidence he had in the shape of a fat fee, already in his pocket, he would have been half inclined to have looked upon the whole matter as a dream.

He took out the paper O'Connor had handed over.

It contained an address.

In half an hour Mr. Grimes was passing the house, noticing it without appearing to do so.

It seemed quiet and respectable enough.

He went up the steps.

At his ring a girl came to the door.

"I wish to see Mrs. Daggett."

"What name?"

"Tell her a gentleman on important business."

"Please to enter, sir."

Mr. Grimes found himself left in the dingy parlor of what he believed, from the odor of cabbage that haunted the atmosphere, to be a third class boarding-house.

He amused himself looking about at the chromatic works of art.

The photograph of a man caught his eye.

He puckered up his lips as if to whistle, but no such sound emanated from between them.

"Craven Dagget, as I live.

"This must be the young rascal's mother. Come, that's a point."

His profession was such that he was ready to seize upon these points whenever they presented themselves.

The rustle of skirts warned him, and when the landlady entered he was seated with his hat in his hand, seemingly an awkward man.

He arose and fumbled his hat.

"Well, sir, what do you wish?"

The woman was a sharper.

Her face seemed to resemble a hawk's head, the nose having a peculiar crook.

Mr. Grimes knew he would have trouble with her, but he was accustomed to handling all sorts and conditions of people, both with and without gloves.

If there was a deep mystery connected with the disappearance of Katy Sullivan, as the Irish Monte Cristo seemed to believe, and this woman could give him points in the game, he meant she should.

"You are Mrs. Daggett, marm?"

"That is my name."

"I'm looking for my sister, and was told she had come here, so I came to see her."

"Your sister, man! What was her name?"

"Katy Sullivan, marm."

The woman looked uneasy.

This fact did not escape the watchful eyes of the

detective, who read the human face as readily as a scholar might a book.

"She isn't here."

"She was here, though."

"But she went away."

"With a lady?"

"Y—yes."



"I WANT THAT LADY'S ADDRESS."

"I want that lady's address."

"I can't give it to you. I keep a sort of employment agency. Katy came in, met the lady, I was paid, and that's all I know of the matter."

Mr. Grimes now changed his tactics.

He lost his blundering look, and catching her eye held her spell-bound by his wonderful power.

"That isn't *all* you know of the matter, madam."

"Indeed——"

"I am here after facts, and I am bound to have them. You might as well make up your mind to confess the whole truth, and throw yourself on the clemency of the court."

The woman had been nervous from the first.

She had grown alarmed.

This feeling was changing to one of terror.

Who was this strange man?

Why had he come here?

Suspicious flooded her mind, and she put her hand up to her head in a dazed way, as she conceived more than one awful thought.

Mr. Grimes was in no hurry.

He knew the value of time in some cases, but here it was best that his intended victim should have a chance to think.

Finally she looked up. One glance, and the astute detective knew that she was nearly conquered.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Grimes."

The woman uttered a low cry of horror, while a pallor as of death spread over her face.

Had the man in front of her declared himself to be the Evil One she could hardly have exhibited more signs of distress.

"The detective?"

"Exactly."

"Why do you come here?"

"I told you before—a little information. Unless you give it to me straight it will go hard with one you love—Craven Daggett."

She uttered a low cry.



At the same time she turned her head, and cast a swift glance around.

Mr. Grimes noted it with a smile.

It told him something.

Craven Daggett, the young criminal, was even then in the house.

His wretched mother was trying to shield him from the consequences of his folly.

This was the lever.

With it he could pry up what he desired.

"I will tell you all."

"You are a wise woman. I should have learned it in another quarter anyway."

"Will you promise to hold me guiltless?"

"I promise nothing until I have heard. If the consequences are not serious it will be all right."

The woman raised her head.

"This party Katy went with keeps a road house just out of the city—I can give you the address; perhaps you know her husband, Donald Bruce."

"The sporting man—yes. His house is a point for all the avenue driving."

"His wife has the girl. She said she wanted such a girl, and seemed to know Katy would be here on the arrival of the steamer."

"Go on."

Even against her will the woman was compelled to testify.

"I was looking out of that window when she came to meet the girl, and I saw her in company with a handsome man, who walked on down the street.

"That man I knew, as I had seen him with my boy—his name is Felix Doyle."

Mr. Grimes saw light.

In telling his story the Irish Monte Cristo had

mentioned this man as his rich rival for the affection of the fair Katy.

Baffled in every way, young Doyle had come to America, and in New York had hatched up some scheme to make Katy his own.

Perhaps he had written to her, signing her lover's name, urging her to come across, and that she would be met at such a house by a lady who would employ her as a companion until he could get back from a little business trip on which he was to make his fortune.

How easily it could all be done.

Such traps are laid in Gotham every day, and some innocent falls into them.

The great world goes on—the little swirl of one life is not noticed on the flowing tide.

Mr. Grimes had run this thing over in his mind with incredible swiftness.

He had his points.

The game was plainly in view.

Once more he would try to see if the landlady knew anything else.

Then, fully equipped for the business on hand, he would be ready to start forth.

Felix Doyle little dreamed that his former poor rival was in New York, rolling in millions, with all the tremendous power that wealth brings.

He might have hesitated in his villainous schemes had he known this.

A few more questions the detective put.

Then he saw that the woman really knew nothing beyond what she had told him.

He took his leave.

She showed some signs of emotion when assured that he had no intention of hunting her rascally

son, for though Craven Daggett had disgraced her, and wrung her heart with pain many a time, he was her boy still, and the mother's love within her was really the only redeeming quality of a harsh nature.

Mr. Grimes left the house.

He was much wiser than when he entered.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE THUG FROM PERU.

After leaving the third class boarding-house and employment agency on Third avenue, the detective stopped on a corner to think.

Should he return to the Fifth Avenue Hotel and see Monte Cristo O'Connor, or go straight out to the road house on the avenue?

He decided on the latter course.

O'Connor was not experienced in these things, and he might make a break that would hurt their cause.

Having made up his mind with regard to this matter he set about reaching the place.

Leaving the elevated road at a certain station he went to a livery stable he knew.

Here he secured a horse and buggy.

For fear lest there might be some one about who might recognize him he disguised his appearance to a certain extent.

Half an hour later he reached the road house.

There was much driving past here.

Particularly was this so on Sundays.

Scores were in the habit of making this the half-way house, where refreshments for man and beast could be obtained.

It excited no comment, therefore, when the detective sprang from his vehicle, and left the horse fastened at the rail while he sauntered inside the tap-room.

A number of men were there.

Some of them looked like jockeys, while others had the appearance of prize-fighters.

Some eminent slugger was in training near by, and his presence drew numbers of the short-haired fraternity to this quarter.

Mr. Grimes lounged about.

He picked up a little information, but it was more with the eyes than anything else.

A rather dashing looking woman, in whom he recognized the wife of Donald Bruce, passed through the room several times.

He thought she seemed to be looking for some one.

His attention was at length attracted toward a new arrival, who threw the reins of his team to the attendant and sprang out.

This party looked pretty much like a swell young New Yorker, but there was that in his face to mark him of Irish blood.

Mr. Grimes recognized him when he saw the man of the house step forward and shake hands, saying:

"Glad to see you, Doyle, my boy."

So this was Felix Doyle, O'Connor's rival.

The detective saw that as a man he could not be compared with the Irish Monte Cristo.

He made up for his lack of manly qualities by low cunning and a readiness to descend to any depth in order to accomplish his object.

Mr. Grimes was glad he had come.

It seemed as though fate favored him.

Felix Doyle walked over to where the landlord's wife was standing, impatiently awaiting him.

"You are late, Mr. Doyle."

"A little. How is my love?"

"Not so obstreperous. I fancy in a short time——"

That was all he heard.

The two passed through a door, and seemed to enter the main body of the house.

Mr. Grimes determined to follow.

Watching his chance he slipped through without any one noticing his act.

In two minutes he was spying upon those who had gone before.

They had entered a room well furnished.

This had an occupant—a young girl marvelously beautiful, so that even old Mr. Grimes caught his breath as he gazed upon her loveliness.

So this was Katy Sullivan, the girl whom Monte Cristo called his own.

No wonder Doyle was ready to go to much trouble to possess her.

Such beauty of face and figure could hardly be found in all New York.

The woman was caressing her and petting her in a peculiar manner, speaking soothingly.

Mr. Grimes was reminded of a cat playing with a mouse.

The girl seemed half stupefied.

She looked at each of them in turn with a rather meaningless stare.

Her brain was being undermined with drugs.

The detective fancied she shrank a little from Doyle, as though her old aversion for him yet lived.

Doyle appeared a little uneasy under her gaze, and kept quiet.

Soon he signified his desire to leave the room, and the woman followed after him.

Mr. Grimes was wise enough to be hidden behind some coats hanging in the dim hall about this time, and hence was not discovered.

When the conspirators were gone he tried the door.

Of course it was locked.

Ordinarily no door could remain so when it was his desire that it should open.

In the present instance, however, he found to his dismay that he had left his skeleton keys in another suit of clothes.

This was vexatious.

He did not know that it had ever occurred before, but it gave him trouble now.

Mr. Grimes began an investigation.

This ended in his discovery that he could open a small trap that led into the room.

It was not over eight inches square, and had perhaps once been used in the panel game when the old road house was in different hands.

A gleam of light coming through a crack had attracted his attention to that quarter, and this resulted in his important discovery.

Looking into the room he found the young girl seated at the table.

Her hand held her head.

Everything in the attitude bespoke despair.

"Katy—Katy Sullivan!"

She started and looked up.

"Surely some one spoke my name," she murmured.

"Yes, look this way."

"Ah!"

"I am your friend, Katy. Come closer to me. I want to talk with you."

The girl seemed to have no fear.

She advanced instantly, her large gray eyes fastened upon him inquiringly.

"You know you are a prisoner here?"

"Yes."

"They are drugging you to steal away your senses, so that you will no longer hate Felix Doyle."

She shuddered.

"I feared as much. Something seems queer in my head. I have to think before I can remember."

"You have not forgotten Redmond O'Connor?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"He is in this city—I have seen him within the hour—he is rich and powerful."

"Then he will save me."

Her confidence was sublime.

"Yes, we will save you. I shall go to him now, and these wretches will taste defeat before many hours go by."

"Tell him I came over to meet him."

"I believed so. Try to keep your strength and courage, my dear girl. All will be well."

"I will try, believing I shall soon see my dear Redmond. It is a happy girl I am to know he has grown successful. You say he is rich?"

"Beyond all dreams. He could buy your native town, bank and all, without trying. He rolls in millions—a second Monte Cristo."

Her eyes sparkled.

"I am glad, for Redmond's sake. He always said he meant to be a rich man."

"Is there no way in which you can leave the room? I would carry you off now."

"I know of no exit save the door."

"Then we must wait."

He bade her be of good cheer, and took his leave.

Passing through the hall he went into the side yard, and from thence gained the tap-room.

Everything seemed well here.



He thought the woman looked at him rather sharply, but this might have been imagination.

Soon Mr. Grimes was driving cityward.

The vehicle was safely housed.

He sought the elevated road, and made for Fifth avenue in hot haste.

When he reached there it was evening.

Who should he meet but O'Connor just about passing into the dining-room.

"Just the man above all others I want to see. Come and have dinner with me. We'll have a chance for a little chat."

Mr. Grimes retired to the toilet-room to make himself presentable.

In a short time the friends sat at table.

The detective's shrewd eye had made a discovery.

He knew O'Connor had something to tell him.

The Irish Monte Cristo had seen or heard something that interested him since their last meeting.

It was found that there was no opportunity for mutual confidences during dinner.

Some one was always near.

They finished the meal, and sauntered out, lit cigars, and walked up Broadway.

Electric lights had taken the place of daylight, and people were moving in all directions.

Mr. Grimes opened the ball.

"You have something to tell me, Mr. O'Connor."

"Why do you think so?"

"Oh, I read it in your manner. When you are done I have some news for you."

"You have found Katy?"

"Yes, and talked with her."

"She is well?"

"I believe so."

"Then my fear of a terrible plot against the poor girl was groundless."

"Not so. There is such a plot, but it is only in the process of working out now."

"Then I'll be bound that villain Felix Doyle——"

"Is at the bottom of it."

"You know it?"

"I have seen him. Now, Redmond, since you have succeeded in drawing me out this far I might as well take the start, and tell what I know."

He did so.

His manner was terse and to the point.

O'Connor knew all in a very short time.

His blood was up.

"We will not let the grass grow under our feet until we have rescued my Katy. This very night it shall be. I'll teach the hound a lesson that will hang about him all his life."

Those who had known O'Connor in his past would realize that he was equal to any spirit of adventure, and the indomitable will that had wrested the treasure of the Inca's from its guarded chamber would not brook the feeble resistance of one puny schemer.

He knew Katy was in danger, and his loving and chivalrous heart beat with eagerness to fly to her rescue without delay.

Mr. Grimes could not be stirred up into anything like enthusiasm.

He was cold-blooded and diplomatic by nature.

Schooled in concealing his real feelings he seldom betrayed eagerness.

Still, he got there generally with the first.

Now, that he had told his side of the story, he was

curious to know what had happened to the Irish Monte Cristo since their parting.

"You have had an adventure, O'Connor?"

"True, I had forgotten that in the interest I took in what you were telling me."

"Suppose you narrate it."

"Not a great deal to tell. I returned at the time appointed, and found your note on the table.

"Can't understand what that Peruvian thug was searching for.

"Perhaps he's waiting until the rest of 'em reach town, when they mean to waylay me, and make use of the poisoned knives.

"I went out again.

"As I hadn't seen my friend Tom Gratton for a little while I called at the hotel he put up at.

"Tom is a happy-go-lucky Irishman, and I have feared that this sudden stroke of fortune might be the poor fellow's ruin.

"As I entered the hotel I made my way up stairs without asking after Tom, knowing his room.

"In the hall-way I brushed against a man hastening down, and was startled at the thought that he resembled one of the thugs.

"Knocking at Tom's door I received no answer.

"I went down stairs, and waited some time, while I asked the clerk if Mr. Gratton was in.

" 'I presume so—his key is gone,' was the reply.

"I began to be worried.

"The recollection of that dark man in the passage coming from Tom's room gave me a very unpleasant sensation.

"I hurried up, and knocked again.

"There was no answer, and yet I was ready to swear I heard a movement within.

“ ‘Tom—Tom Gratton, open the door. It’s I who call—O’Connor,’ I said.

“ ‘The door opened, and I saw Tom just finishing dressing, the room half dark.

“ ‘I imagined he had been asleep, and laughed at the fellow for turning day into night.

“ ‘He opened a window, and pointed to a cut in the breast of his coat.

“ ‘Another suit ruined, O’Connor. Faith, I’ll be the making of these New York tailors,’ he laughed.

“ ‘What did it?’ I asked, looking at the cut curiously.

“ ‘Sure, what but the bloody knife of that Peruvian thug what’s followed us to New York,’ he replied, calmly.”

## CHAPTER V.

## O'CONNOR MAKES A MOVE.

Mr. Grimes could not help being interested in what he heard.

The mysterious doings of this resolute thug from the Andes of Peru amazed him.

He had no idea these men were accustomed to the ways of civilization, and yet a man who had lived in a city all his days could not have gotten around better than he did.

Evidently the guards of the treasure had traveled all over the world, one by one.

The Irish Monte Cristo continued:

"I was both astonished and horrified when I heard what Tom had to say.

" 'Do you know that knife was poisoned?' I asked.

" 'Faith, and it makes no difference,' Tom replied, 'since the knife never scratched me at all.'

" 'How was that?'

" 'Because I wasn't in me clothes when the blow was given,' he replied.

"I saw that he had a story to tell, and that he had matched Irish cunning against the wiles of the dark-skinned assassin.

"Tom soon told me his story, which I will give as briefly as I can.

"It seems that he became aware of the presence of a man in the next room, and who had tried the door between.

"Suspecting the truth Tom had made up a dummy

out of his clothes, laid it on the bed, darkened the room, and then retired to a closet.

"Here he set up a loud snoring, finally giving a grunt, and then keeping quiet.

"His suspicions were confirmed.

"The connecting door gently opened, and a figure glided into the room.

"Straight up to the bed went the assassin—there was a blow, a cry of rage, and before Tom could stop him the fellow had fled.

"Not before my friend had made sure that it was one of those fearful men who seem resolved to avenge the loss of their treasure by our death.

"He heard me knock immediately after, but imagined this might be a trick of the enemy, so he did not answer until I called him later."

"Mr. Gratton had a narrow escape."

"Yes, indeed. If I could get Katy now, and make her my wife I would be tempted to sail on a steamer for some foreign clime."

"To throw those men off your trail?"

"Yes."

The old detective shook his head.

"Impossible."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because they are natural born sleuth-hounds. I defy you to shake them."

"Then what is to be done? The Irish blood in me refuses to sit down and let them do as they please. Tell me what you think."

"You must do one of two things."

"Yes."

"Either circumvent these men by putting them in confinement, which your unlimited wealth will

easily do, giving them a whole mad-house with a dozen servants."

"Or what?"

"Finding out just what they seek, and making terms with them."

"Could the latter be done?"

"I do not know. If the opportunity occurs I will find out all I can."

"Well, now about Katy."

"I presume you are burning with impatience to fly to her rescue."

"I am a lover, Mr. Grimes."

"Right, O'Connor. Don't think I blame you. The girl is worth the winning."

"When can we act?"

"As soon as you please."

"Then I will get Gratton at once. Meet me at the hotel in—bless my soul, if here isn't the man himself. Ah! Tom."

Gratton was a rosy-cheeked young Irishman, with curly hair and a bold eye.

He had a touch of the brogue, but was as fine a specimen of a young fellow as one would care to meet, quick in his movements, clean-limbed as a racer, and with a terrible muscle that could fell a man at a blow.

Gratton shook hands with Mr. Grimes.

He heard the story in short meter, and at once announced his readiness to accompany them on the expedition of rescue.

They pursued the same plan that Mr. Grimes had, in order to reach the road house, taking the elevated railroad as far as practicable.

This time a two-horse vehicle was hired, as there were three in the party.

A driver was selected by the detective after a little talk with the stable boss.

It was about nine in the night when they were bowling merrily along in the direction of the road house kept by Donald Bruce.

The night was dark.

It added to their chances of success.

"Gentlemen, I trust you are armed," said Mr. Grimes, quietly.

"We never go otherwise, since our lives are in constant danger from that source."

"It is well. Sometimes a desperate crowd makes its headquarters at this place--the scum of the race-track and prize-ring. I believe they have a secret pit near by where they fight game cocks and bull terriers. At any rate, I am glad all of us are ready for business."

When near the road house they drew up and left the vehicle.

The driver had his orders.

If he heard firing down the road he was to drive to meet them.

They advanced upon the road house secretly.

Lights abounded in every quarter.

Vehicles came and went.

A dozen men were in the tap-room at all times, and it was evident the house did a lively business at such hours.

"We must be cautious, and feel our way."

Mingling with those passing in and out they were enabled to look into the tap-room.

Suddenly Mr. Grimes felt O'Connor start.

He knew what the Irish Monte Cristo had seen,

"Is that your old enemy?"



"The man talking to the lady—yes, that's Felix Doyle, the villain. See, the same smile is on his evil face as when he swore me into prison with a lie. Edmond Dantes came back with the wealth of a Croesus to avenge his wrongs, and I will do the same. Look at him, Tom, the viper."

"I'd give ten thousand dollars to get my hands on the throat of him. Sure, it wouldn't be worth much his life'd be when I was done with him."

Considering the muscular power of the young Irish Hercules, the detective believed there was a good deal of truth in his words.

If Felix Doyle knew what was good for him he would fight shy of these two men.

"Remain here, O'Connor. I will go and get Katy."

"Good luck to you, sir. If you want any help just fire your revolver twice, and we'll be at your side in the twinkling of an eye."

Tom's manner said that he hoped such an occasion would arise, for he was spoiling for a fight.

The two men had been left in the yard.

Horses and vehicles were near by.

Men moved in and out, so that no attention was paid to their presence.

O'Connor tried to discover his hated enemy again, but Doyle seemed to have disappeared, though they had not noticed him ride away.

This fact made them uneasy.

"Perhaps the villain has gone back to where they keep my darling," ventured O'Connor.

"I wouldn't be surprised a bit."

"Bad luck to it, why didn't we go with Grimes. The old man'll have all the fun himself, knocking Doyle out. It's a burning sin."

"Sure, what's to hinder us?"

"Tom, you're a jewel. Come on."

They could not be held back any longer.

Even at the risk of raising a riot they were bound to make an endeavor to reach the room where the young girl was confined.

Mr. Grimes had described the route to his employer, and, besides, they had seen which door he glided through when he left them.

A wink was as good as a nod in this case.

O'Connor wanted action, and the words of his friend were like a burning match applied to tinder.

The blaze sprung up instantly.

They advanced toward the side door, just as the old detective had done.

Watching their opportunity, when curious eyes were not upon them, they glided into the house.

This part of the building was the private property of the landlord, and separated from the road house.

His guests did not intrude here.

O'Connor walked in front.

He found himself in absolute darkness, so that it would have been hard to have distinguished a hand directly in front of his nose.

Now the directions given by Mr. Grimes came into good service.

Remembering that he was to turn to the right when the passage he was following reached another, Monte Cristo O'Connor made a flank movement in that direction, and continued his advance.

As yet he had come across no one, and discovered signs of nothing animate ahead.

Gratton struck his toe upon a projecting board, and stumbled, almost falling.

"Sure that's the duse of a trap, he muttered, his neck almost dislocated by the jar.

A hand fell on the arm of the leader.

"O'Connor," said a low voice.

"That's me."

"What are you doing here?"

"Come to find you, sir. We missed Doyle, and thought the villain might have gone to where he had my Katy locked up. I was bound you shouldn't have all the fun of laying him out, so I determined to be in at the death."

"Very good, sir, but I'm afraid we'll have to postpone the ceremony a while."

"Why?"

"Something has occurred."

"To Katy?"

"Let me tell you. I went direct to the room where she had been confined, only a few hours previous, during my former visit.

"There was a light within.

"I opened the door with my skeleton key, and stepped inside.

"The room was empty—Katy was gone."

O'Connor made a sound—it was like a groan.

"They have taken her away—you may have been watched, sir. Curses on that scoundrel, I——"

"O'Connor, wait. I am not yet done."

"You have more to tell?"

"Yes, something strange, that will add interest to this mystery. Step aside into this room, and listen to what I have discovered."

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL.

The Irish Monte Cristo and his companion followed the old detective eagerly.

They knew he had found out something that bore upon the game, and which now gave them so much uneasiness, because they had found the prison empty and the bird flown.

Mr. Grimes had drawn them through a door-way, and into a room.

Presumably it was unoccupied.

The intense darkness prevented their making sure on this point, but then even the keenest of detectives sometimes have to take certain things for granted that cannot be readily proved.

After all, it was just as well they got in out of the passage when they did.

Some one was coming.

They heard him brush past.

"A man," whispered Mr. Grimes, when the party muttered over stumbling in the dark.

He was going in the direction of the prison room.

"Listen now. It will not take me more than a minute or two to tell you all I know.

"I found my way to the room.

"There was a light within, for I could see it under the door.

"Hearing no sounds I ventured to take an observation through the little opening.

"I could see nothing of the girl.

"This gave me some alarm.

"I determined to enter.

"When I tried the door I found it was unlocked, and in a moment I was in the room.

"Katy was gone.

"It did not take me long to see this, but I was looking for signs that would tell me how.

"Had she been carried away, slipped off herself, or gone of her own free will with some one.

"I quickly came to the conclusion that she had fled of her own accord."

O'Connor gave a low ejaculation.

This was a revelation to him.

He had not dreamed such a thing could be.

"Perhaps Katy had the chance to go, and dared not let it slip by.

"My promise to return would hold good even if her designs were frustrated.

"She left a few articles on the table arranged in such a way that I read this from them.

"Now, the question arose, supposing she was successful in her flight, where would she be apt to go?

"I was puzzled by the new phase of the question, and regretted the step she had taken; but I was glad to see she was a girl of resolution, and not incapable of helping herself.

"Just then I heard a little sound.

"Turning my head I could swear I had a glimpse of a human face in a cavity of the wall.

"Before I could make sure there was a snap, and the wall seemed whole as before.

"I rushed over to it.

"My examination was fruitless, only in that it convinced me there could be such a thing as a secret panel there.

"This house is an old one, perhaps nearly a century ago since its building.

"It has been used for all sorts of purposes, and there are queer things about it.

"Now, I am ready to swear I saw a wild face in the wall, which quickly vanished.

"I believe there is a secret passage there, leading somewhere, and that Katy never passed through the door-way at all in escaping from the room.

"The door was afterward unlocked from the outside in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that she had escaped that way.

"Now all this shows the work of a cunning mind, and I could venture to say it has been done by no ordinary creature.

"In whose keeping Katy now is I could only venture to guess.

"The face I saw in the wall, and of which I only had a fleeting glimpse, appeared to be that of an old woman, with straggling gray hair.

"There was a wild look about her face.

"If I am any judge, and was allowed a guess, I should say she was crazy."

The Irish Monte Cristo moved uneasily.

"Instead of growing better, then, it has really become worse. My darling is in the power of a mad woman, and we know not where."

"That is true, but I don't believe she is in any immediate danger, and we are here determined to find her."

"Hark!"

Sounds were heard.

Some one was moving along the dark passage.

This time the man seemed to be in a hurry, for he

banged into obstacles, swore, and rushed along again.

Presently he had passed them by, and could be heard booming along the passage.

Our friends had made two discoveries in that short space of time.

"He's just discovered the fact that the girl is no longer in her cage," said Mr. Grimes.

"It was that deep-dyed villain," hissed O'Connor.

"Felix Doyle?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"I would swear to his voice."

"Then one thing is proven—he has had nothing to do with Katy's flight."

"It don't look like it."

"He's so mad now he can't keep from cracking his head against the walls."

"But he may get into trouble. He has gone to arouse the rest."

"Yes, and there they come."

"Sure enough. Our retreat is cut off by means of the passage."

"They have lights with them."

"Close the door quietly."

This was done.

The old detective turned a key he found, and for the present they were safe from discovery.

How long it would last no one could say.

When the defeated conspirators found the girl gone in truth they might take a notion to search the house.

Thus they would discover the locked door, and suspicion would be at once aroused.

There was a rush of footsteps past the door.

Mr. Grimes waited so many seconds. Then he opened the door, and thrust out his head.

It was his hope to find the passage clear in the direction they wished to go.

Should this prove to be the case the three men could slip out the side yard.

As fortune would have it, however, he found a fat negress standing down the passage, holding a candle in her hand.

Probably she stood there without any particular motive in view, but it effectually cut off their means of escape in that direction.

Mr. Grimes closed the door again.

He had heard a medley of sounds from the late prison room.

The hoarse voice of Donald Bruce was joined with the high tones of his amiable wife.

Undoubtedly the worthy couple were greatly surprised at the strange disappearance of the girl, or at least seemed to be so.

"We must get out of here somehow."

Mr. Grimes turned the key as he spoke.

Being a man of decided action he never wasted time when it could be avoided.

Groping his way through the room he came to the back wall.

According to his calculation there ought to be a window of some sort here.

And there was.

He discovered it finally, and had it open almost like a flash.

Beyond was darkness.

He did not know what lay there.

That this window did not open into the yard was evident, for he could not see stars above.



"Tom Gratton."

"Here," said a voice at his side.

"Find out where this leads."

"Surely."

Mr. Grimes had reason for not attempting this thing himself.

Besides, Gratton was a more agile man.

The rollicking Irishman was over the window-sill almost in a flash.

"It's all right—come on."

"You follow, O'Connor."

While the Irish Monte Cristo was carrying out his instructions Mr. Grimes again made his way over to the door.

This he unlocked.

He was thus shutting off suspicion.

A locked door might be the means of drawing attention to their line of flight.

He followed the others.

The commotion in the house had increased.

It had now turned into a search.

They could hear men swearing, while the woman chattered like a magpie.

This had nothing to do with their present position, and threw no light on their means of escape.

The detective found that an addition had been made to the house, inclosing the window, so that they were not outside at all.

Here they crouched, waiting for the commotion to subside.

Possibly they might have escaped had they devoted their energies to the subject, for few doors could withstand the advance of Mr. Grimes, when he was in trim for business.

None of them were anxious to go.

Personal fear of danger did not enter their calculations. It seemed evident that the young girl was still in the house. As they had come there to rescue her it was not a part of the programme to flee. Several times they had come near discovery. There was an inclination on the part of some one to investigate the strange place where they were hiding. It never got so far as actual work. After a time the excitement ceased. Had the conspirators made up their minds that the girl had given them the slip?

"To work, boys."

The others were glad to hear Mr. Grimes give utterance to these words.

Their blood was warm for action.

The old detective meant to leave the strange room in the same manner they had entered it.

Hence, in a short time, they were again in the hall-way.

A light still burned in the room lately occupied by the prisoner.

When they left the baffled conspirators had neglected to take it with them.

This suited our friends.

They needed just such a light.

All seemed quiet roundabout them, and there was a chance that they might work without being interrupted.

Mr. Grimes assumed command.

It was but right.

The success or failure of the whole expedition rested upon his shoulders.

"Gratton!"

"On deck, sir."

"Stand by the door yonder. If you hear any one

advancing give us warning by a shrill 'hist,' Then we'll know what to do."

"Very good, sir."

"Immediately we will hide—you, Gratton, drop behind that lounge—O'Connor will make use of yonder curtain, while I mean to pop into this closet, standing conveniently near. Understand?"

The others replied that they did, perfectly.

"Then to your post, Gratton."

The fact that these men were millionaires many times over made no difference to Mr. Grimes.

Just then they were three men engaged in a certain enterprise, and on account of his experience and superior knowledge he had been placed as a leader.

\* They were his comrades.

## CHAPTER VII.

## FELIX DOYLE EXPERIENCES A SENSATION.

Accompanied by O'Connor, the old detective now set about carrying out the plan which he had in view.

This was nothing more nor less than discovering the secret panel.

He knew his eyes had not deceived him.

They were not accustomed to playing him any such foolish pranks.

Everything that he had described had occurred exactly as he had mentioned.

The only possible explanation was a secret panel in the wall of the room.

This was not astonishing.

He had already found a small panel in the room, made use of years before in a game where green-horns were fleeced.

Perhaps this secret passage had something to do with the same business.

Again, it might have been an institution of old colonial times—leading to a hiding-place where the owner of the house was wont to secrete Washington's spies at the time New York was in the hands of the British.

Mr. Grimes did not bother his head about such small things.

Results interested him most.

He seldom found time to dip into causes unless they bore directly upon his case.

"Here I stood at the time. Hearing that sound I turned my head. The opening was directly there, I am quite positive."

He walked over and laid his hand on the wall at a certain spot.

Eagerly O'Connor followed him, and ran his eyes along the wall.

If he hoped to see the broad cracks that would betray the presence of an opening he was disappointed, for they were not there.

This part of the house, being the old side that had descended from Revolutionary days, was built of slabs of stone.

In those times they built for the future.

To-day most of our houses are flimsy frames, elegant to look at, but good only for a couple of decades or so, when they must fall away.

Mr. Grimes in his long life as a detective had seen many queer old houses.

New York is full of them, and he had also spent some time in foreign cities.

Nothing surprised him.

He took things as they came, just as a matter of fact, and built results thereon.

Passing his hands over the wall he hunted for a secret spring.

It seemed to him that it might be possible to find such a thing.

If it was there he did not appear to discover it on the first round.

Nothing discouraged he set to work again.

O'Connor watched with interest.

He saw the detective start, and bend his head close to the slab, as though he had made a discovery,

The heart of Monte Cristo thrilled with hope. At this critical juncture there came a sudden shrill sound like the note of the locust.

It was the signal.

Some one was coming.

Not a second was to be lost.

O'Connor sped to the curtain and pulled its ample folds about his form. His Irish friend crawled behind the sofa, where he lay like a log.

As for Mr. Grimes, he disappeared like a lost spirit in the gloom of the closet, the door of which was left ajar behind him.

Almost in a flash, as it were, the room had been cleared of its occupants.

So much for arranging a plan.

There had been no confusion, not even a sound to cause alarm. Every man knew what he was to do, and proceeded to carry out the programme.

Footsteps sounded.

They came from the hall.

One man advanced.

As he entered the room he seemed to stand there for a minute looking around.

"Curses on the luck, was ever a man more beset than I am. Here everything was lovely, and I thought my game secure, when through some fool play the girl escapes."

He ground his teeth with rage, and struck the door a resounding whack with his fist. Undoubtedly he was furious.

The hiding men had no difficulty in locating his identity, for his voice and words betrayed him.

It was Felix Doyle.

Again he muttered to himself:

"I found the door unlocked, but I've an idea this

is some shrewd game of Bruce and his wife. She'd be up to anything. I suspect they've hidden the girl away, expecting me to offer a big price to get hold of her again.

"Where could they put her? Pshaw, I've always suspected that this old house was crammed full of mysterious stair-ways and holes. It has the reputation of it. And while they are busy in the other house I've made up my mind to slip back here and investigate.

"First of all, there's that closet—I wonder if it hasn't got a false back."

He walked across the room, and threw open the door of the corner closet.

A head came out of the curtain, also one above the back of the lounge.

Two fists were shaken at his back.

O'Connor was mad because fortune played him such a miserable trick again.

Here was the old detective about to have a chance at Doyle.

Why could not the affair be so arranged that he might have had this opportunity?

It did not seem fair.

The closet looked so dark and forbidding that Doyle hesitated a moment before entering.

It was not because he had any premonition of the danger lurking there.

Finally he began to move in.

He saw nothing.

As he advanced he groped along with his hands, seeking to find any obstacles thus.

He succeeded.

Mr. Grimes was crouching close to the floor. The advancing man was plainly seen, as his whole figure

stood out in silhouette against the light background of the room beyond.

Under the circumstances the detective had a splendid chance to take hold.

When he did so it was upon the man's throat that his hands closed.

Had lightning descended upon him the fellow could not have been more surprised.

A partial paralysis seemed to set in when his larynx was so suddenly compressed.

His knees gave way.

Although in throwing up his hands he seized upon the detective's arms, he did not seem to have sufficient strength to even attempt to tear away from their hold.

O'Connor, hearing the sound of a slight struggle, left his place of concealment, and darted over to the closet, anxious to have a hand in.

He was too late.

Mr Grimes had mastered his man.

Doyle lay under him in a state of partial stupefaction, incapable of resistance.

The detective seemed prepared for every emergency.

He now whipped out a couple of pieces of cord.

The fellow's arms were quickly fastened, and the other thong put about his ankles.

Then he was also dextrously gagged.

All this had been done in an astonishingly short space of time.

No alarm had been given.

O'Connor glowered over the body of his foe.

He would have liked to kick the wretch, but was too honorable a man to do that.

"I would like him to come to his mind, so I might



let him know whom he has to blame for this," said the Irish Monte Cristo.

"Nonsense. Far better to let him remain in ignorance.

"It may serve us well."

O'Connor himself could see there was much truth in what the detective said.

The mystery might help to cover the retreat.

"To work once more. I believe I have found the secret of the panel."

The three left the closet, almost closing the door, and leaving the bound man on the floor.

Felix Doyle was not so much of an insensible man as he seemed.

There was a good deal of the fox and 'possum in the nature of the arch-plotter.

He knew he was helpless in the powerful grasp of his unseen enemy, and hence in order to save his life, as he believed, he pretended to be worse off than he really was.

Lying thus upon the floor of the closet he heard what passed.

Imagine his horror.

A chill ran through his frame as he recognized the voice of his hated and feared rival.

How came O'Connor in New York?

The last information Doyle had been able to glean about him had been to the effect that he had started for Mexico on some fool's errand.

To think that he should appear just when the wicked plans of the schemer were in progress.

It seemed like fate.

Doyle's flesh was cold with mingled apprehensions until the three men had left him.

He had not heard the third party speak, but knew who was O'Connor's inseparable companion.

Once outside the closet Mr. Grimes beckoned Gratton to the door.

He was to resume his position of sentry in order to warn them of danger

Already had his position borne good fruit.

They might have been discovered by Doyle on his approach only for Tom.

Mr. Grimes lost no time in seeking the spot where he had been standing at the time the alarm came.

O'Connor watched eagerly.

He saw the detective take out a little instrument and run it along a minute crevice.

The result was as gratifying as it was surprising.

A great block of stone seemed to almost noiselessly roll aside.

An opening was left through which a human body could readily pass.

The secret of the old road house stood revealed.

Mr. Grimes crawled into the orifice.

Beyond all was darkness.

Before going farther he proceeded to light his little mask-lantern, believing it would come in useful during the investigation.

What were the others to do?

Could they follow him?

There was far less danger of discovery in such a move, and it would keep them together.

Quickly he decided this matter.

Tom and the Irish Monte Cristo were urged to climb into the opening, stowing themselves temporarily away in a corner.

The next job was to close the slab.

This was easily accomplished, for it seemed to be well balanced.

With a click it went fast.

They were in utter darkness.

A musty odor greeted their olfactories, as though the passage led to some vault where the light of the sun never penetrated.

As yet they did not have the remotest idea where the passage did lead.

It might ascend or descend.

Mr. Grimes did not intend to remain in this state of ignorance long.

He had the means of throwing light upon the subject, and meant to do so at once.

Raising the mask from his little lantern, he allowed a glow of light to flash beyond.

They saw a pair of narrow, steep stairs, leading upward.

Then the passage would not lead them down to some musty dungeon where perhaps the bones of some prisoner moldered.

So they went on.

Hark! what was that?

A sudden sound had reached the ears of the detective in the lead.

He knew there was danger in the air, and was keenly on the alert.

This sound was not an exclamation, but as if some one had crossed the floor, or was retreating up the stairs ahead.

Mr. Grimes deliberately turned his light in that direction.

What did he see?

Nothing.

The stairs seemed to be empty.

He was about to start on once again, when for a second time his ears were saluted by the same sort of sound.

Surely some one had stepped.

Again he looked.

As before, nothing rewarded him.

This was very mysterious.

In an old building such as the one they were exploring a superstitious mind could imagine all manner of spirits as prowling around.

Mr. Grimes was not constituted that way.

He believed there was a tangible cause for every effect under the sun.

Hence, all that could be said of him now was that he felt surprised.

The light from the little lantern revealed the stairs, even to the dust that lay upon them.

A sudden idea struck Mr. Grimes.

He took a step forward, and bending down looked eagerly on the step.

"Ah! that explains it."

"What have you discovered?"

"Rats."

"The duse you say."

"This old building is full of immense fellows. They jump from this ledge and land upon the stairs. That is what makes the thud. Then the patter of their feet follow. It is like a miniature bowling alley, the drop of the ball and its continued roll."

"Lacking only the scattering of the pins."

"Yes, if you will."

"See, there goes one of the varmints now. He's quite a little monster."

A rat waddled rather than ran across the passage diagonally, vanishing in a hole.

"I've seen larger ones than that years ago. I came near being eaten in the sewers of this city. But no more at present—come on."

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WANDERING IN THE LABYRINTH.

Strung out in a line, the three men crept along the narrow passage up the stairs.

It was full of dust, that had accumulated in the ages gone by.

Reaching a point half way up the steep stairs, Mr. Grimes took in his bearings.

Then he shut off the light for fear lest it should betray him.

Stealthily he climbed the curious stairs, so very steep that it was almost like a ladder.

The others followed at his heels.

O'Connor was excited by the thought that in all probability he would soon behold his love, and clasp her in his arms.

Then would she be safe from all the world.

Tom brought up the rear.

This singular adventure tickled him immensely.

There was something so novel in it all.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Mr. Grimes remained motionless.

He was listening.

There seemed to be so much clatter made in the other part of the house that he gained little satisfaction in the act.

It appeared as though he might again make use of his lantern without discovery.

So he again drew the slide.

Glancing ahead he saw that the passage made a bend not eight feet away.

Doubtless it followed the contour of some room.

Beyond this corner Mr. Grimes saw what appeared to be a rude door.

No sooner did his eyes rest on this than he shut off the light with the mask.

The experiment was a success.

He was now able to see a crack beneath the door, through which light came.

Some apartment lay beyond.

It was occupied.

The detective uttered a warning word to his companions, and then crept forward.

Reaching the door his next object was to find a means of seeing beyond.

The cracks were valueless for such a purpose.

As a last resort Mr. Grimes groped around for a latch of some sort.

His hand struck it.

Another moment and he was gazing into the strange apartment beyond.

It appeared to be a low, squatty attic.

All the ventilation came from some slits in the walls, under the eaves, where doubtless the swallows had built their nests for years.

Some straw formed a cot.

There was little else in the place except the two human occupants.

Mr. Grimes looked at them with kindling eyes.

January and June!

Both were women—the one old, grizzled, gaunt—a toothless hag; the other young, plump, and a picture pleasing to the eye.

This was Katy Sullivan.

O'Connor had pushed up beside the detective.

As his eyes fell upon the beautiful girl he gave a sudden start.

Mr. Grimes knew one thing.

All the caution in the world would not be able to hold the Irish lover back.

A virtue must be made of the necessity.

Prompt to act, he pulled the door open, and glided cat-like into the den.

It was his intention to creep up behind the crazy hag, and secure her, as an alarm might give them unlimited trouble.

As the woman's back chanced to be turned toward them, there was more than a fair show of the plan succeeding.

Tom Gratton spoiled it.

Even O'Connor restrained his impatience for a minute, realizing what importance there was in the move Mr. Grimes was making.

Gratton, it will be remembered, brought up the rear of the little procession.

He knew something was going on, but for the life of him could not guess its nature.

In order to be in at the death he increased his speed, and as a consequence ran straight against the open door.

This settled the matter.

The hag whirled around, and saw the intruders in her den.

She uttered a cry.

Mr. Grimes shuddered at the prospect of a close encounter with those ugly nails.

There was no help for it, however, and the sooner he closed with her the better.

So he leaped.

He knew not whether she was friend or foe, but acted on the spur of the moment.

There was quite a desperate struggle.

The detective proved victorious.

He avoided her nails as much as possible, pinning her arms at her sides.

O'Connor had meanwhile sprung forward, with an eager light in his eyes.



KATY, DON'T YOU KNOW ME, DARLING?"

"Katy, don't you know me, darling? Sure, it's nene but your own Redmond."

The girl had been alarmed at first.

She had supposed that her old enemies had found them out.

In another moment she was wrapped in the arms of the Irish Monte Cristo.



Tom Gratton came in, looking forlorn because there was no female for him to embrace, at which Mr. Grimes signified that he would be willing to let the Irish adventurer try his hand in the quarter where his skill was being squandered.

By this time the old hag had become reconciled to the situation, especially since she saw how the young girl clung to the strong man who had rushed upon the scene.

When Katy recovered her self-possession she begged Mr. Grimes to release the old woman.

"She is my friend—an innocent old creature, determined to save me from my foes. She made me enter the secret passage, which I did unwillingly, for I believed you would come to my rescue. But her motives were good—release her please."

Mr. Grimes hastened to do so.

He made a sweeping bow.

"Your pardon, old lady, for handling you so roughly, but I didn't know whether you were friend or foe. Shake hands and make up."

The weazened up old crone could not resist such Chesterfield politeness.

She put her withered hand in his, and croaked:

"They would have hurt the pretty bird."

"Old Ann could not sit by and see it. She was pretty herself once, you know. So I saved her."

"This is a snug den. Does any one else know about it besides you?"

"Not a living soul. There is an entrance from the cellar. I sleep here, and roam out for something to eat at nightfall. I shall die here. When I was a girl my father hid a man in this loft, and the officers of the law did not find him. I have never forgotten about it."

Old Ann was quite a character.

She seemed to be partially demented, but her sympathies were on the right side.

Had it been otherwise she would have proved a hard subject to handle.

Of course Mr. Grimes' main thought now was to get out of here unseen.

There was an ugly element about the road inn that might give them trouble if once it was stirred up to a pitch of excitement.

Victory had crowned their labor.

The lover had won.

Proudly the Irish Monte Cristo stood there with his arm about his sweetheart.

It would be the happiest hour of his life when he stood before the world and claimed her as his own.

One thought only marred the happiness of the hour with him.

The thugs from Peru.

Would those terrible emissaries of vengeance include Katy in their vow?

In finding her lover, and clinging to his side, would she too come under the blighting shadow?

He was uneasy at the bare thought.

When he meant to bestow blessing and wealth upon his beloved he might bring terrible danger.

From that moment new thoughts entered his head.

He resolved to have no mercy.

If these thugs sought his life it became a fair battle, and they must take their chances.

Still the brave Irishman shuddered as he contemplated the many chances they had of doing him and his harm.

The most valiant man becomes unnerved when

it is some dearly beloved object that is in peril, and not himself.

Mr. Grimes spoke up.

"We must get out of this at once. Old lady, can we depend on you to take us out through your cellar exit?"

Old Ann comprehended.

She nodded her head eagerly, while a flash of intelligence and cunning filled her eyes.

"Follow me."

Mr. Grimes kept close at her heels, using his little lantern as a means of illumination, and restraining the ancient crone when she showed signs of too great haste.

Those behind could only move slowly.

The way was narrow and difficult.

It seemed to take them back over the route already trodden by our friends.

Thus they descended the steep, ladder-like flight of steps which they had climbed.

O'Connor assisted Katy.

There was just room for two, and his strong right arm was placed protectingly about her.

Katy felt at peace.

She could not imagine that any danger might reach her longer.

O'Connor's arm would shield her—O'Connor was brave and strong and rich.

It seemed to Katy that all her troubles were of the past, now that he had come.

Alas! she knew not what even the immediate future held, or else her spirits would not have been so light.

The cloud beyond cast no warning shadow.

When they arrived at the place where our friends

had entered the wall, Mr. Grimes was curious to know what would occur.

He found that it was really possible to pass by this spot.

The narrow passage, instead of coming to an end there, as he had believed, continued.

It was an experience few of them, if any, had ever gone through with before.

They would not soon forget it.

Old Ann kept shuffling along.

How she had managed to live in this secret den so long without discovery was a mystery.

She was something of a mystery herself.

So long as she served his purpose Mr. Grimes could forget or ignore a good many little things that would have made her repulsive ordinarily.

Soon they came to another descent.

Like the first, it was in the shape of a steep flight of stairs, resembling a ladder.

From below came the musty odor.

There was a damp feeling in the air.

The stairs threatened to give way under the weight of the detective, so rotten had the timbers become down in this damp region.

"Take care. Descend one at a time. Pass Katy down to me, O'Connor. The stairs are unsafe."

Thus he whispered, and it required some little manipulation for all of them to get safely down.

At length it was accomplished.

"Where's Ann?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"'Sh! She is here."

Her long hand rested on his arm, her skinny face now wearing an expression of alarm looked up into his countenance.

"What's wrong, old lady?"

“Hark! don’t ye hear ’em?”

“They are in the cellar. They seek the secret entrance. Something has betrayed us. We are lost. That is the voice of Donald Bruce swearing. He knows there is a passage somewhere. We shall be dragged out like rats from our hole.”

## CHAPTER IX.

## THROUGH THE TRAP.

The old crone was not out of her mind when she gave utterance to these words.

Mr. Grimes realized that she spoke the truth. He could recognize the voice of the sporting road house keeper, and the rest was easy to believe.

Then discovery was imminent.

That meant new danger.

Donald Bruce was not alone.

The babel of voices that had come to their ears announced plainly enough that the fellow had his usual following of roughs.

These men were ready to do his bidding, and as it was quite evident that Bruce was in the employ of Felix Doyle, their object must be to regain possession of the girl.

They sought the entrance to the secret passage. Once that was found a climax must occur.

What should the fugitives do?

Immediate action seemed to be the only thing that would save them.

Should they endeavor to reach the panel in the wall of Katy's former prison?

It might be done, but even this did not present clear sailing.

Perhaps Bruce had left a guard there.

If he had heard of the secret passage he must have known that it could be entered somehow from that room.

Again, the passage was so narrow and the steep stairs so hard to climb that they would be delayed beyond all reason.

The detective was running this matter over in his mind when he was saved all further trouble.

A shout arose.

"Bruce has found the opening," called a voice.

In that case the hostile forces might soon expect to come face to face.

The Irish Monte Cristo scented battle.

He gently put the young girl behind him, and then ranged alongside Mr. Grimes.

A light appeared.

Several men had entered the secret passage.

They were pushing forward with the eagerness of hounds upon the trail of a wounded deer.

"Stop!"

Mr. Grimes pronounced the word with the sudden, explosive force of a pistol shot.

Involuntarily the men paused.

The voice had come out of the gloom.

In vain they strained their eager eyes to catch a glimpse of the speaker.

Bruce forged to the head.

"Hello, there!"

"What do you want?"

"Well, that's cool, I say. We want you to surrender with the girl."

"We refuse."

"Then, hang me, we'll come and take you, or else lay you out cold, eh, boys?"

"That's the ticket."

"Wait. We had better understand matters before coming to blows."

"Well?"

"We are three in number, well armed, and desperate men. Every shot we fire will cut down one of your number, and you, Donald Bruce, will be the first man to fall."

"Bah! we take our chances."

"What are you doing this for? Money? Here is my friend, O'Connor, worth millions upon millions. He is the Irish Monte Cristo. He can buy Felix Doyle out a thousand times."

"Now, why not change masters and enter his services under double pay?"

The bait was alluring.

"Bruce, it's a big yarn he's giving you."

A voice from the rear uttered these words.

Undoubtedly Felix Doyle was on hand, and had been released from his confinement.

The keeper of the road house might have taken the bait had he been sure of it.

He believed in the old adage about a bird in the hand being better than two in the bush.

Hence he pretended indignation.

"I'm bound by honor to Mr. Doyle. You can't tempt me to leave him. Make up your mind we intend to have the girl. Come, give her up."

"Bruce, you ought to know I am a man of my word, and I swear we mean to take this young lady clear of your house to-night, no matter what the cost may be."

"Who the duse are you?"

"Obed Grimes."

"The detective!"

There were signs of momentary confusion among the men gathered beyond.

That well-known name was a source of terror to many of the short-haired community.



It was hated and feared in circles of crime.

Mr. Grimes had done much toward making New York an unhealthy place for criminals.

The detective had said Donald Bruce, of all men, ought to know he was one who kept his word.

Why was this?

They had met before.

The sporting master of the road house had not always followed this occupation.

His nature was evil.

No doubt whenever opportunity offered now he was not the man to hesitate about robbing a drunken man, or doing something else of a like nature.

Time was when he had not even worn the garb of respectability he now assumed.

Years had since elapsed.

The incidents of the past flashed into his mind at the mention of Mr. Grimes.

At the time Donald Bruce was a gambler, and had even tried his hand at cracking a crib.

He was engaged in a desperate venture when Obed Grimes hunted him down.

Unerringly the detective had followed the clew, and come upon Bruce

The latter had companions.

A man Mr. Grimes trusted betrayed him to the ruffians, and he fell into their hands.

They were utterly unscrupulous.

It mattered nothing to them that he had a right to his life.

Since his duty consisted in hunting down men of their stamp they were bound to consider him a bitter foe.

Death must be his portion.

A brief council decided this.

Obed Grimes disdained to plead for his life.

He bade them defiance.

Some of them were forced to admiration because of his undaunted bravery.

This did not make any difference in the result.

He must die.

It was decided that his death ought to be one of torture, and the means were at hand.

One of the men, something of an inventor, had a terrible machine, to which the detective was strapped.

His head lay on a block.

A huge knife hung above.

This was set in motion to and fro by machinery, and slowly descended, an inch in five minutes.

When it reached him he would be decapitated.

It was the half-hour of suspense that was to be the keenest torture.

All this while he must be there, watching this glittering blade come closer and closer.

The wretches one and all took a mocking farewell of the apparently doomed officer.

He pierced each one with his calm eye, and uttering the man's name, calmly declared that he meant to live to hunt him down.

They left him there.

He seemed to have no chance.

The knife kept descending lower and lower.

He was working all the time.

By and by he drew one hand through the strap, and with this to aid him liberated the other.

It was half done.

Still he could not escape.

He remembered a heavy bar of iron that lay just to one side.

His hand fell on it.

With a tremendous effort he raised it and placed it so that the knife must come in contact there before his naked neck could be reached.

Soon there came a horrid scraping.

Sharp steel struck cold iron.

The result was quickly seen.

The knife went to pieces.

Having nothing further to fear from that quarter the detective set to work again.

He found a piece of the blade that had been meant to cause his death.

With this he managed to cut the remaining straps, and was free.

He had deliberately told the men he would get away, and hunt them down.

On the way out of the den he came upon one of the party entering.

Perhaps the fellow feared lest the words of the detective were true, and was returning to see that death came to the hated foe.

Mr. Grimes choked him half to death, and then dragged him to the Tombs.

One by one he hunted them down.

Not a man escaped his vengeance.

One he followed to San Francisco, and another to New Orleans, but they could not escape.

He kept his vow.

Every one of them paid the penalty of his crimes, and Bruce was among them.

In the State prison he spent some years.

He learned to hate Obed Grimes, as he also feared the keen detective.

Thus, it will be seen that he had reason to know

that the man with whom he found himself talking always kept his word.

At the same time Donald Bruce was not to be shaken from his game.

He possessed many of the characteristics of his favorite animal, the bull-dog.

Once he got a grip he held on tenaciously.

"You are in my house—you have entered it like a thief in the night to steal.

"I shall shoot you down as dogs if you don't surrender."

"Shoot away.

"You'll find two can play at that game. I give you fair warning."

The landlord was in a rage.

He had cast discretion to the winds, because it was humiliating for him to be thus brow-beaten before his own followers, and under his own roof.

Without due reflection he pulled out a pistol, and fired a shot into the darkness.

Of course he could only aim at the spot from whence the voice seemed to emanate.

Mr. Grimes saw the action.

He dropped in time, the bullet doing no damage but hurtling past the spot.

Mr. Grimes did not hesitate.

He knew that in an emergency like this one must act with decision.

The man had defied him, and he must accept the consequences, however serious.

The old detective had the advantage.

He could see Bruce outlined against the light in the rear, and knew where to fire.

No sooner had he pulled trigger than the fellow fell backward into the arms of his friends.

Immediately there was great confusion.

The men scrambled out of the opening, alarmed for their personal safety.

Of course they would not give up the game.

The shooting of their leader would arouse all the evil passions in their natures.

Mr. Grimes was now ready for a flank movement.

"We must retreat, friends," he whispered.

By the aid of the lantern the others managed to mount the ladder-stairs.

The detective remained below as a guard, ready to defend the opening against all comers until his friends had succeeded.

Then he joined them above.

When they reached the panel Mr. Grimes listened.

He could hear men talking in the room.

This proved that there was no chance of escape in this quarter.

They must go on.

In a few minutes the little attic was reached.

They could go no farther.

Was there any loop-hole of escape from here?

This was a question.

Mr. Grimes meant to find an answer.

It must indeed be a singular place that he could not escape from, with the advantages to be derived from his ingenuity and the many curious things he carried about with him.

The first thing he did when all had reached the garret was to take the lantern which Tom had been carrying, and look around.

There was nothing very encouraging in the prospect spread out before him.

True, they might manage to push through the roof, which looked old and dilapidated.

Even could this be done without attracting the attention of the enemy would they be better off?

It was an open question.

To move along the roof with Katy, and escape to the ground involved many perils.

Mr. Grimes reserved this as a *dernier ressort*, and meanwhile looked elsewhere.

The old crone had watched his actions.

She seemed interested.

It must have gradually broken upon her what he was endeavoring to do, for she finally crept forward, and laid her hand on his arm.

"You seek a way of getting out?"

"Yes."

The detective turned upon her eagerly, for her voice told him she had information to impart.

"Look below, not above."

"Ah, then there is a trap."

He turned the light downward.

At first it was useless.

"Show me the way, old lady?"

The crone, being in an obliging mood, pointed to a certain spot in the floor, for the little attic had boards covering the scantlings.

Sure enough he could now detect the outlines of a trap door.

He inserted an instrument, and raised it.

Another was below.

This was fastened with hinges, and he used more care in lifting it up, fearful lest some one hostile to their interest might be below.

All was dark as Egypt.

Turning to the crone, Mr. Grimes said:

"Have you anything in the shape of a rope?"

She sprang to the pallet of straw, and from behind it lifted a stout line.

Mr. Grimes' eyes sparkled.

"You're a jewel, old lady," he muttered.

Seizing the rope he fastened it to some object in the den, and allowed the other end to dangle down through the trap.

Then, with a word of caution to his comrades, he passed out of their sight.

All was silent below.

They kept very quiet and listened.

Soon a flash of light announced that the old detective had opened the slide in his lantern.

Then came a low whisper.

"Let the girl down first."

There was some little difficulty about this, but Katy was equal to the emergency.

O'Connor drew the rope up, and made a loop in the end of it.

"Put your foot in that, darling. Be sure we'll lower you carefully. When you reach the floor take your foot out, and give the rope a shake."

Katy went down without trouble.

Such a brave girl was not to be daunted by any little difficulty.

When the Irish Monte Cristo felt the signal he knew she was safe.

"Who's next?" asked Tom.

"Where's the old woman?"

"Here. I can look out for myself, young sir. Do you both go down now."

There was no need of words.

The crone was fully able to take care of herself, and hence O'Connor and his friend did not hesitate any longer about descending.

Below they found Mr. Grimes and Katy.

The old detective was already examining the new apartment into which kind fortune had dropped them. It was merely a room.

The small window had a couple of rusty iron bars fastened across it.

When Mr. Grimes tried the door it was fast.

Dust and cobwebs lay around in profusion.

Evidently the apartment had not been opened to air for many a long year.

"By Jove! we're in a prison after all, sir," said O'Connor, as he noted these things.

"Yes, but see how easily I remove the bolts."

The detective bent beside the door.

He seemed to be examining it.

Presently he chuckled.

At about the same moment the door of the room was seen to be ajar.

The magic of his cunning had been too much for the stubborn old lock that had held its own so long.

Now the way to freedom seemed clear.



## CHAPTER X.

## A CHECKMATE SOMEWHERE.

They could hear nothing beyond, so Mr. Grimes declared it was worth while for them to make some sort of an advance.

All they wanted was to reach the open air.

The result was assured.

Treading the passage, they soon came to a flight of stairs, which proved to be short.

At the base of these they halted.

Mr. Grimes had even become mixed.

He could not tell where they were, or what direction they should take in order to escape.

In this dilemma he turned to the cove.

She volunteered to lead the way.

All of them were particularly gratified to feel the fresh air fan their faces.

As luck would have it, one of the men who had assisted Bruce discovered them just as they were emerging from the inn.

He gave the alarm.

"We must run for it," said Mr. Grimes.

Secrecy was no longer an advantage.

The detective took Katy's hand, while her lover held the other.

Between them they managed to make very good time.

"How about the signal, sir?"

"To the driver—that's so."

Taking out his revolver Mr. Grimes fired in the manner he had arranged.

Already they could hear signs of pursuit.

Men were shouting and swearing.

It seemed as though they were tumbling over each other in their eagerness to get out of the door.

The secret of this haste was apparent.

Above the clamor a voice was heard shouting:

"A hundred dollars for the girl—a hundred apiece to every man of ye."

This was Felix Doyle.

His recent experience at the hands of the men he was now chasing had not warned him how dangerous it is to play with edged tools.

They had cut him once and might again.

Generally a burned child dreads the fire, but moths learn nothing until they go so far that their wings are aflame, and they drop lifeless.

The beautiful Irish lass was the flame that attracted Felix Doyle.\*

Under a spur the man rushed forward, and even gained upon our friends.

O'Connor once or twice half turned in his flight, but the detective hurried him on.

He knew the fiery blood of Monte Cristo.

The valiant young Irishman would have stopped readily, and thrown himself into the midst of his enemies.

Fear was a word not in his lexicon.

Ha! what was that?

The sound of carriage wheels.

Some vehicle was clattering along the road, advancing in their direction.

Presently it came close enough for them to see that it was their own vehicle.

Mr. Grimes shouted:

"Dan Gleason, ahoy!"

"Hello!"

"Turn around, man, turn around."

The driver comprehended.

He would be gaining time in thus preparing.

When he had wheeled his horses he sprang down, and opened the carriage door, after which he once more leaped upon his box.

Their pursuers had gained so that it now began to look serious.

Mr. Grimes gave Tom Gratton his place, and turned in his tracks to scatter the mob.

He possessed nerve enough to face a mad bull had the occasion arisen.

The men came on.

By dint of much shouting they kept their courage up to the sticking point.

Coolly Mr. Grimes took aim as well as the circumstances allowed.

Then he began to fire.

His bullets flew in among the roughs, wounding more than one of them, for it was not his purpose to do more execution than this.

Such a hot fire speedily demoralized the fellows.

The voice of Felix Doyle was heard no more.

That discouraged them.

Truth to tell, Doyle, when he heard the firing begin, was positive that he would be picked out as the first victim.

He immediately fell down on his face, and hugged the ground with tenacious interest.

His men broke and fled.

Their one aim in life was to reach a point where

they could be safe from the leaden messengers that hurtled so mercilessly among them.

Taking advantage of this fact, Mr. Grimes turned, and with a few hasty leaps reached the vehicle.

He slammed the door shut.

Then he sprang up beside the driver.

"Off we go, Dan."

The astute driver needed no urging.

The shouts of the pursuers, together with the shots Mr. Grimes fired, had stirred his blood up to a fever heat.

He had comprehended something of the case before, and now he knew all.

With a shout he brought his whip down upon the backs of his horses.

They were off at a jump.

"Bend low—they may fire."

But the driver, seeing that Mr. Grimes did not accept the advice himself, scorned to do so.

Several shots were sent after them.

The bullets could be heard humming through the air near by, or cutting leaves from the trees.

Being fired pretty much at random they managed to do no harm to the party.

There was no pursuit.

All breathed easier when the fact became patent.

Safe.

O'Connor whispered the word in Katy's ear.

She snuggled down in the shelter of his arm, as though her trust in him was perfect.

He had grown and become so much more manly in the few years that had passed since he had bidden her farewell after escaping from the military prison on Spike Island.

They reached the city.

The old crone had vanished after gaining the open air, so they had no chance to thank her or find out if they could help her.

At the hotel Katy was given an elegant apartment, which caused her honest gray eyes to open in wonder, for although her folks had been comfortably off in the old country she had never seen elegance like this save in princes' castles.

O'Connor did not mean to lose time.

"We are all tired now, and need rest, but before another twenty-four hours go by I mean to make Katy my wife, Heaven willing.

"Then we shall start on a trip to the old world, and see all its wonders."

Taking the detective aside he spoke further, and his voice was more serious.

"The only thing I fear is that one of those dark-featured men may follow me.

"They do not mean to give up this business. In some way they mean to strike a blow at me."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Try and keep them away until I can leave this city. Take passage on the first vessel leaving port the day after to-morrow, even if we have to go on board at midnight."

"Passage for how many?"

"Two adjoining state-rooms. Spare no expense.

"There will be four of us. You will bunk with Tom."

"Ah! you still desire my company?"

"Certainly—for months to come. Where we go you must accompany us."

"Very good.

"I shall make all arrangements. I chance to know that an Anchor Line steamer will sail for the Medi-

terranean early on the morning of the seventh, and this is the fifth."

"That will do."

"I thought perhaps you might prefer it because—well, you remember there is a claim against you on account of having escaped from prison."

The Irish Monte Cristo laughed.

"Oh! I can soon fix that matter up now. Money will do wonders. They might put poor Redmond O'Connor in jail on a trumped up charge, but when he appears the owner of millions it will be different."

"Consider that settled then."

"Now, about this other matter."

"The thugs?"

"Yes, what will you do?"

"I must manage to delude them. Leave all that to me. There will be some trick, by means of which we can deceive them."

"Sending them on a wrong trail, for instance."

"That is it."

"I can trust to your cunning, but you must give them credit for an equal amount, as they certainly seem equal to any trick in order to gain their point."

Mr. Grimes felt equal to the task.

He had seldom met his equal among the criminal classes in the past.

So they separated for the night, feeling that their labor had been well put in.

During the morning Mr. Grimes found much to interest himself in.

First of all he took passage on the Mediterranean steamer for the four of them.

He gave assumed names, believing it was better all around.

After that he had a peculiar duty.

This consisted in leading the watchful thug a wild-goose chase.

To do this Mr. Grimes set himself, and put his whole soul in the work.

He assumed a disguise.

This made him look like O'Connor.

It must needs be sharp eyes that could tell them apart.

As it had been the detective's business for years to carry on this line, it may be safely assumed that he was an adept at it.

Loitering around the hotel, he finally sighted the party he was looking for.

It was the thug.

The man was dressed in a gentlemanly fashion, and might have been taken for a Cuban or a Mexican.

He spoke fair English too.

This would have surprised the detective had he not remembered that these men were travelers—they had in turn seen much of the world.

He soon caught the man's eye.

The thug followed him.

Mr. Grimes gave the other a long chase.

He even bought a ticket for Boston on the Fall River steamer, and went aboard some ten minutes before sailing time in the afternoon.

Watching closely he saw his shadow do the same.

The avenger took up his station at the gangplank.

No one could leave the steamer without his knowledge

When he noted all this the detective smiled, for he knew the game was in his hand.

He would send this dark-faced schemer off to Bos-

ton, under the belief that O'Connor, the finder of the Inca's treasure, was on board the Bristol.

Meantime he had formed his plan.

Passing up toward the bow of the vessel he saw a darky in a rowboat passing.

"Ahoy, uncle!"

"Yes, sah; what can I do for you?"

"Come below and take me aboard."

"How much did you say, sah?"

"A dollar."

The grinning darky came, and by the aid of a hanging rope Mr. Grimes landed in his boat.

He was soon on a pier.

Changing his appearance he saw the Bristol depart at five o'clock.

The thug was aboard.

Mr. Grimes was delighted, and went to his lodgings.

A note awaited him.

It was in O'Connor's hand.

"Ah, an invitation to the wedding to-night."

With a laugh the detective opened it, and read with blank amazement the words scrawled there:

"Come to me. The devil has been at work. We have been checkmated, and I am nearly frantic. Katy has disappeared."

O'CONNOR.



## CHAPTER XI.

## THE MYSTERY OF A HACK.

Although used to surprises, Mr. Grimes was bound to confess that this one gave him something of a shock, it was so utterly unexpected.

Katy had disappeared.

What strange business was this?

The girl had been all right in the morning.

Could the drugs that had been given to her at the road house have affected her brain?

What did O'Connor mean by "that devil?"

Mr. Grimes had seen the thug start for Boston.

Ah, but there were seven of them.

Perhaps one or all of the others had arrived upon the scene of action, called thither from their searching in other cities by the successful man.

Again, might it not mean Felix Doyle?

That rogue was perhaps far from being crushed, and he might have conceived some clever plan whereby the girl was kidnapped.

To think that such a thing could occur in broad daylight in New York.

It was amazing.

Mr. Grimes picked up a few things that he might need, and hurried forth.

The chances were they would not sail by the steamer agreed on.

Before another morning that vessel would be moving off with the ebb tide, and there seemed no possibility of their being on board.

He hurried to the hotel.

When he opened the door of O'Connor's room he found that worthy walking up and down.

The Irish Monte Cristo appeared to be excited.

His face was pale and his eyes blazed in their sockets like coals of fire.

At sight of Mr. Grimes he sprang forward, and grasped his hand warmly.

"I am glad to see you—perhaps you can help me unravel this mystery. What have you done?"

In a few sentences, quickly spoken, the detective told them all he had accomplished.

"There must be others here, for I seem to feel that this blow comes through these leagued avengers."

"You say Katy has vanished."

"Disappeared as utterly as though the solid earth had opened and swallowed her up."

"Perhaps you are mistaken."

"How?"

"Girls conceive strange ideas. Katy may have gone to do a little shopping."

Monte Cristo shook his head.

"I do not believe it."

"State your reasons."

"In the first place we shopped this morning, driving in our carriage.

"Then again, at four o'clock, when I went out to bring a minister to the hotel, I made her promise not to leave the room except with my permission. What have you there?"

The detective had stooped and picked up a crumpled piece of paper, which he smoothed out.

It had writing upon it.

He bent his head to read.

"What is it?" eagerly asked O'Connor.

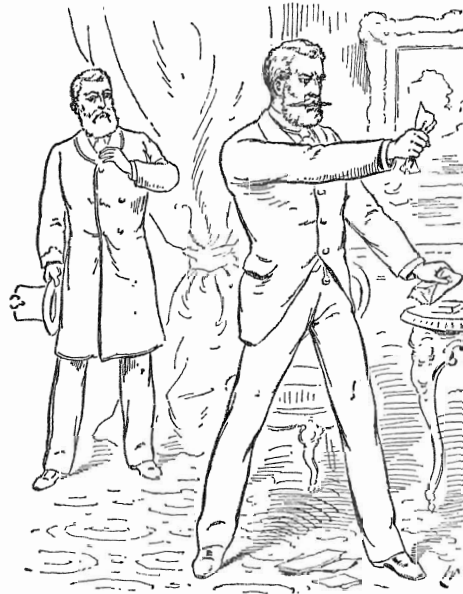
"Your permission," was the laconic reply.

"I don't understand."

"Listen while I read:

"Dear Katy: I forgot to order a basket of lunch to take aboard. Jump into the carriage at the door—the driver has his orders, and will take you to Pursell's, where you can buy what you please. Be back at five."

"O'CONNOR,"



"A BLIGHT UPON THE HAND THAT WROTE THIS!"

The Irish Monte Cristo looked amazed.

"Let me see that."

"Certainly."

O'Connor looked at it with kindling eyes.

"A blight upon the hand that wrote this."

"You disown it then?"

"It is a base forgery."

"So I supposed. But it proves your suspicions to be well founded. Katy has been carried off."

"Terrible."

"I never knew a bolder piece of work. The thing must have been conceived and carried out by a master mind. There is nothing more to be done here. I will go below and find out who the driver of the carriage was."

Time was valuable to them.

Where poor Katy had been taken no one could even guess, and of course O'Connor had the most distressing thoughts concerning her fate.

Mr. Grimes went to work.

He knew who was likely to give him information.

Passing down stairs he went direct to the spot where the watchman of the hotel stood.

This worthy was a brawny man, able to eject any possible trouble maker.

He looked as if, like the bouncer over the way at the Hoffman, he had once been a prize-fighter, and could hold his own against the best.

Mr. Grimes knew him.

Of course in his present disguise the other would not be apt to know him.

"How are you, Luther?"

"Pretty well, sir."

The other gave him a sharp look.

He met so many men in his daily routine that although they all seemed to remember him he could not always return the compliment.

"You don't recognize me?"

"Truth to tell, I do not, sir."

"My name is Grimes—Obed Grimes."

The man started.

He bent forward, cast another keen look at the party before him, and held out his hand.

"Bless my soul if it ain't. Glad to see you, sir. What duse of a racket are you on now?"

Mr. Grimes smiled.

"I'm on a great case., Luther. You have a gentleman stopping here named O'Connor."

"Yes, a fine man, too."

"He's a millionaire many times over—snatched away the treasures of the Inca's in Peru. I'm engaged to keep him company, and defend him in case of danger."

"Lucky man."

"I think so myself, but up to this time I've had my hands full of work."

"He's liberal, I suppose?"

"Liberal—that doesn't express it. He's a prince. We call him the Irish Monte Cristo."

"Good, indeed."

"As an instance of his generosity, I have a hundred-dollar bill for the man who can give me a little information which I seek."

The other's face brightened up.

"I wish I was the fellow."

"Perhaps you are, Luther."

Mr. Grimes said this quietly.

"Tell me how."

"How long have you been on duty to-day?"

"Since nine this A. M."

"And most of the time you were to be found about this spot, right here."

"I have seldom been away from it."

"Good, I think we are bound to get near the truth now. Listen. There was a beautiful young

girl whom O'Connor was to marry. She came over to meet him, fell into the hands of his rival, and after some trouble we rescued her from that villain.

"Now she has disappeared again, and we believe that O'Connor's foes have done it."

"I see."

"She went away in a hack something like an hour ago. A dummy letter, purporting to come from O'Connor, deceived her, for we found it on the floor in her room. Read it."

The ex-boxer did so.

His face lighted up.

"It's Katy Sullivan you mean?"

"Yes."

"I heard something about it."

"Glad to hear you say so."

"The driver of the hack came to me and asked me if Miss Sullivan stopped here. I saw that note in his hand at the time."

"What did you do?"

"Referred him to the office."

"Go on."

"A little while later I saw a young woman pass out and enter his vehicle."

"You know the man?"

"As well as a book. I used to box him in the old days when I was a fighter."

"His name?"

"Jerry Dunn."

"Ah!"

"You know him, sir?"

"Well, yes, I have seen the fellow."

"He is on a crooked racket once in a while."

"In such a case as this he is going wrong. I shall haul him up with a short turn."

"Jerry is a case—you must keep your eye on him, or he'll twist and squirm."

"Don't fear—I've got a hold on him."

"I know something of his past. He once did something that if known would land him in prison."

"Then you've got him dead to rights."

"Can you tell me his number?"

"Yes—it's——"

"Thanks. Where does he stand?"

"Often down at yonder corner when not busy. If you hang around there I believe you will see him before long."

Mr. Grimes had now learned the identity of the man who took Katy away.

This was a strong point.

Even while he was talking his informant pointed to a vehicle coming down the street.

"There's the man now."

The hack stopped at the corner below, and three men got out of it.

Mr. Grimes, who wore the air of an ordinary business man, with his face altered from its usual expression, chanced to be standing where he could see very well.

He never was more surprised in his life.

These three men who alighted from the vehicle were as alike as three peas.

Each one had a dark face, with a black mustache, and wore a gray suit.

This was exactly the style of the thug whom Mr. Grimes had trapped into taking a trip on the Fall River steamer.

He recognized the truth.

These men were three of the seven who followed O'Connor with the persistency of hounds, deter-

mined to take a terrible revenge upon the Irish Monte Cristo because he had run off with the fabulous treasure which they had guarded so long.

Then they had stolen Katy.

To what doom was she intended?

Did they seek her life, or was she simply to be held until her lover agreed to forfeit his wealth in order to ransom her?

The truth was uncertain.

Mr. Grimes meant to find it out.

He walked along the pavement, looking around him as if seeking something.

"Hack, sir?"

The enterprising John was on the alert for a job, as Grimes had expected.

"Yes. Take me to Tenth street and Sixth avenue."

Off went the hack.

All had been accomplished quickly.

They had gone down Sixth avenue only a couple of squares when Mr. Grimes put his head out of the window.

"Driver!"

"Ah, there, sir."

"Draw up by the curb."

This was done.

The driver, seeing his fare did not emerge, got off his box, and came to the door.

"What's wrong, sir?"

"Will your horses stand?"

"No fear of that."

"Then come inside."

The driver hesitated a moment.

He obeyed in wonder, knowing little how to take this strange command.

When the man was seated opposite him Mr.



Grimes surveyed him as well as the peculiar circumstances would admit.

The driver was not a very prepossessing sort of a fellow, but the detective could not see that he would prove ugly.

He was an ordinary man, and could be counted on as such.

"Your name is Jerry Dunn?"

"It is."

"Now, Jerry, it would be as well for you and I to be friends. In fact, you can't afford to have me for your enemy."

"The duse you say."

"I am interested in the young girl whom you took away in this hack from the hotel."

"What hotel?"

"The Fifth Avenue."

"I didn't take any girl from there."

"I know better. The three men who got out of this hack hired you."

"Well, boss, you have struck the wrong man. I don't know anything about this business."

"Come now, understand me. I am determined to know the whole truth. My name is Grimes. I am a detective. Unless you desire to spend the night in the Tombs you will speak."

"I've done nothing wrong—you have no charge to bring against me."

"Let me see—didn't you figure in that Roberts' case two years ago?"

The man shivered.

His face grew white as ashes.

"But I was acquitted—they never proved the first thing about me in that matter."

"Perhaps not, but if the girl's aunt hadn't dis-

appeared so suddenly there might have been something brought out. Now, my man, I know where I can put my hand on that woman."

The man uttered a groan.

He was badly broken up.

"If I agree to say nothing about that old score perhaps you may reconsider your determination about this girl."

"I give in beat."

"Then you'll tell all you know?"

"Why not? I swore to keep it quiet, but then it's a case of serious importance to me."

"Sensible man."

"So go ahead, boss."

"The girl was in this hack?"

"Yes."

"Those dark-faced men hired you?"

"Sure enough."

"Now I know how the girl was induced to come down to the hack. Tell me how they managed to get her into their power."

The man moved uneasily.

"Them fellers fitted some sort of an arrangement in my hack. After the girl was in and the doors closed I was to drive off.

"At a certain time I was to pull a string, though just what that did I never could say.

"Then on a certain corner below I was to stop and pick up the three men."

"This plan was carried out?"

"Yes."

"You pulled the string?"

"I did."

"Was there any outcry?"

"Not at all."

"How long a time elapsed after the pulling of the string before you stopped to take up the men?"

"Say ten minutes."

"They entered?"

"Yes."

"The girl gave no outcry?"

"Not a sound."

Mr. Grimes sniffed the air.

"It seems to me that I get rather a peculiar odor in this vehicle."

"Oh, that ain't anything to what it was when the gentlemen got out."

"Gas."

"I reckon it is, some kind."

"Then I take it that the little arrangement they fastened in your cab must have been a gas bag, and that when you pulled the string it released the contents, causing the girl to become insensible."

"I thought so myself, boss."

"Well, where did you go?"

"Down to the river."

The detective was startled.

Had these men drowned Katy in order to avenge themselves upon Monte Cristo.

He believed them equal to anything.

"What did they do?"

"Took the gal in a boat. From words let fall I imagined they had a jaunty little steam-yacht that lay anchored off the foot of Eighty-fourth street, and the girl was to be taken there."

"They did not go aboard?"

"No. They entered my vehicle again, and went back to the hotel."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Drive me to the foot of Eighty-fourth street."

## CHAPTER XII.

## ON BOARD THE STRANGE STEAM-YACHT.

Things had occurred rapidly.

It was five o'clock when Mr. Grimes saw the thug who had followed him off on the Bristol for Fall River and Boston.

Since then he had gone to his office, from there to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and now he had interviewed the driver of the hack.

By the time the vehicle stopped at the foot of Eighty-fourth street it was growing dark. Objects out upon the North River could not be distinguished at any distance.

Lights were to be seen in many places.

Ferry-boats plowed the waters of the mighty river, most of them lower down.

"One question, Jerry, and then you may go."

"Yes, sir."

"Where did the steam-yacht lie?"

"D'ye see them lights, sir?"

He pointed as he spoke to the objects which were to all appearances the riding lights of some vessel at anchor in the middle of the stream.

"I do."

"They are on the little vessel."

"Good-night, Jerry."

"I say, Mr. Grimes."

"Well."

"You won't rake up that old matter—I'm trying to lead a respectable life now. The memory of that poor girl has haunted me."

Mr. Grimes was not deceived.

He knew the man was telling what was not true.

If he had been living such a respectable life he would not have been concerned in this scrape.

But the great detective had no more use for him.

"If I find all you've told me is straight you need have no fear. I shall remain silent."

"Thank you, sir. I've told you the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me."

Jerry had evidently been in court.

"Good-night."

When the hackman had driven away the detective began to ponder upon the situation.

He must visit the vessel.

Of course it would be dangerous, but what was danger when there was a chance of victory.

He had no doubt but that Katy was on board.

These strangely leagued defenders of the treasure had determined upon a plan whereby they hoped to force the Irish Monte Cristo to terms.

Undoubtedly O'Connor would give up the treasure of the Inca's to save his beloved's life.

How was he to get on board?

The detective first of all looked to his weapons, as he might have occasion to use them ere this night had again given place to day.

Should he go after O'Connor?

That would take time.

Besides, he was a little afraid of having the impetuous Irishman along.

Under the peculiar circumstances of the case O'Connor might be more of a hindrance than a help.

Mr. Grimes was used to depending on himself.

He really enjoyed working alone.

Presently he was making his way along the river front, looking for a boat.

He saw a man with a lantern, who appeared to be busily engaged with a boat.

"Hello, my friend."

"Good-evening, sir."

"Do you own this boat?"

"That I do."

"A trim shaped craft she is."

"And there ain't a better on the river."

"You are a waterman?"

"Been on it all my life, sir."

"Can I engage you for a job?"

"Well, I reckon."

"I want to be put aboard that little steam-yacht at anchor out in the river."

"Just so."

"What would it be worth?"

"Say a dollar, seeing it's ugly work with the ferry-boats on a dark night."

"Very good. Now we had better understand each other in the start. What is your name?"

"They calls me Barnacle, sir."

"All right, Barnacle. I believe you're just the man I want. You look honest, and like a fellow who would do a turn for a poor girl in distress."

"That I would, sir."

"Then listen. I want to be put on that yacht without the knowledge of any one on board."

"Ah!"

"My actions must be as stealthy as those of a thief in the night, but I do not go to rob but to claim my own. A young girl was kidnapped in broad daylight from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and taken on board that yacht by men who are her foes."

"The villains."

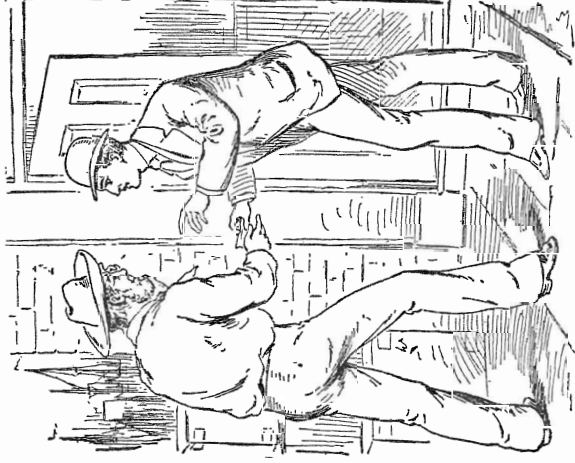
"If I can save her by your aid, Barnacle, it will be a hundred dollars in your pocket."

"What!"

"Here's a ten spot to begin with."

"Jupiter, captain, that's as much as I earn in two months. A hundred!"

"We must use extreme caution. When I have got



"HERE'S A TEN SPOT TO BEGIN WITH."

on board you will remain in hiding, and wait the turn of events."

"P'raps I could help fight if it came to it."

"By Jove! I reckon you might with those sturdy arms. We will arrange a signal as we go. However, I hope to go through without a row."

The waterman now began to get his boat in readiness for business.

It chanced that the tide was just starting to come in, it being past the ebb slack.

Mr. Grimes knew the nature of the business on hand well enough.

He realized the full danger of the undertaking.

In starting upon this venture he took chances.

Even the number of men on board the steam-yacht was a mystery as yet.

There might be one and there might be a dozen.

One thing he exulted in.

The night favored his bold project.

Already it was as black as pitch, and the boat could pass close to human eyes without discovery, unless some noise betrayed its presence.

"How about the oars?"

"They work well, sir."

"Do they make any noise?"

The waterman reflected.

"A little, perhaps."

"That won't do. I'll muffle them."

He knew how to do this.

When he had finished the oars would make no sound as they rubbed against the thole-pins.

"All ready, sir."

Mr. Grimes stepped into the boat, and sat down.

The night air was already chilly upon the water, and it looked as though a bank of fog was sweeping up from the bay.

Barnacle gave it as his opinion that it was going to be a dirty night.

They moved off.

The sturdy strokes of the oarsman sent the boat out upon the heaving bosom of the river.



Mr. Grimes kept his eyes upon the lights that marked the position of the yacht.

Now and then they momentarily vanished from his view, as some fog bank swept by.

Again they would reappear.

All the while the little wherry was drawing steadily nearer the yacht riding at anchor, with her nose pointed toward the bay.

There did not seem any chance of their missing the vessel, though in a short time the fog must cover everything.

Nearer they drew.

No sounds came from the yacht.

Besides the red and green lights showing on her sides, a lantern hung in the rigging fore and aft.

Then there were lights in the small round bulls'-eye windows that indicated the cabins.

Whispered words passed between the two men.

The boatman allowed the wherry to ride down upon the yacht, as in this way the oars would not have to be used.

Fog whistles and bells had begun to raise a racket down the river.

Those on board the little yacht would soon have to post a man on the lookout, as the fog must envelope them as in a vail.

Our friends were in good time.

The little wherry had now reached the bow of the black steam-yacht.

Mr. Grimes fended off from the taut anchor chain with his hand, just in time to avoid the grating sound that must have followed a collision.

Now they glided along the vessel's side.

Barnacle had stowed away the oars, and was using his hands against the yacht's side.

A swinging rope came within his grasp, and he instantly seized hold of it.

All seemed quiet above.

Not a sound indicated discovery.

Mr. Grimes crept to his side.

"Can you hold the boat and fend her off at the same time?" he whispered.

"Easy enough."

"If I signal give the rope a hitch and leap on board."

"Ye can depend on me, sir."

It would only be under extraordinarily desperate circumstances that Mr. Grimes meant to do this.

He stood up.

The yacht was not a very large one.

Such boats are for sale at many of the ship-yards around New York.

A man with money can purchase and fit one out inside of twenty-four hours.

What mysterious purpose the seven men had in securing the boat Mr. Grimes did not know, but he believed their plan to be a deep one.

This abduction of Katy was but the beginning of their deeply laid scheme.

They reckoned without counting on a man by the name of Grimes.

Many persons had before them.

This Grimes had a way of making his way into the well-laid plans of lawless men, and altering them to suit his own sweet will.

It was indeed a most desperate venture in which he was now engaged.

No man could carry it through with a better chance of success than Mr. Grimes.

All the essential qualities of a good detective were centered in his person.

He was quiet, thoughtful, active as a tiger, quick to take advantage of a false move, cunning in his work, and brave as a gladiator.

In his past he had met with few defeats, and these served to render him better adapted for work.

When he stood up in the wherry his head was just on a line with the taffrail.

He could see over the deck as far as the light allowed such a thing.

A man leaned against the wheel-house, for there was such a contrivance on board, although a wheel could be seen at the stern also, to be used if the boat was under sail alone.

One thing pleased Mr. Grimes.

He could keep in the shadow here, if successful in gaining the deck.

Making use of his companion's broad shoulders for a foot rest, the detective clambered on board without difficulty or noise.

His first act was to lay flat.

Then, finding that no one appeared to notice him, he began to crawl aft.

The cabins were located here.

It was in this quarter he might expect to find the one he sought—Katy.

Now he noticed several other men.

Four in all he counted, lying about the deck, taking it easy, as is the habit of a sailor when off duty.

If his presence was discovered he knew the little steam-yacht would be the scene of a fierce encounter.

After some circling around Mr. Grimes reached a

point where he could descend the little companion-way that led below deck.

A lantern—the binnacle light, hung here, illuminating the short steps.

He watched his chance.

When sure that no one was around he darted forward, and went below, where he would soon discover whether his mission was fruitless or not.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## MR. GRIMES IN TIGHT QUARTERS.

The move was successfully made.

No one appeared on the scene to bring about a discovery, for which Mr. Grimes was thankful.

If such discovery was bound to take place he would much rather it would come later, after he had cleared up all doubts as to Katy being aboard and uninjured.

He found himself in limited quarters.

The yacht was arranged as larger ones might be, and this made cabins and other portions mere cubby-holes on board.

If any one came along while Mr. Grimes was here, he could not avoid being discovered.

On this account alone then, if there were no others, he was bound to better his condition.

A door stood ajar.

Beyond was light.

The detective peeped inside, and found that this must be the main cabin of the yacht.

There was just room to stand upright, and to set a table where perhaps six might eat, though the table was now shut up and flattened like a board against the wall.

Three or more small doors were in sight.

These led into diminutive state-rooms.

Everything was luxurious.

The former owner of the Triad had evidently been a man who loved comfort.

There are many men of more or less means around New York who live aboard their boats from April to November.

Some even go South then, and thus put in the whole of the year afloat.

Such men surround themselves with every comfort money can buy, and live like princes aboard their jaunty craft.

Mr. Grimes saw a chance to better his condition, and this was something he never let pass.

Gliding into the cabin he secreted himself behind a sofa, though this article of furniture was so small that he had to curl up in order to do it.

Then he awaited developments.

Presently one of the state-room doors opened.

A man appeared.

Mr. Grimes was not surprised when he saw the dark face, black mustache and gray clothes.

One thug had gone off on the Bristol.

Three more were watching the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with designs upon the Irish Monte Cristo.

This was number five.

There must be two more around somewhere to make up the band of seven.

The man sat down.

He put his fingers on an electric button in the wall of the cabin, and as if by magic some one entered.

It was the cook.

"Steward, have you any dainty that might tempt a young girl's appetite?"

The darky grinned.

"Reckon I has, sah."

"Get it up, and serve it in the middle state-room,

The lady may be asleep still. If so just leave it there."

How fluently the Peruvian spoke English.

Truly these seven men were wonders.

There did not seem to be anything they could not do.

"As you say, sah."

The steward turned and vanished.

Presently another man entered.

He was the counterpart of the one already there. Mr. Grimes mentally dubbed him Number Six.

When he looked upon the determined faces of these men he made up his mind that O'Connor would have further trouble with them.

Even if the girl was snatched from their grasp, and the whole party took passage on the Mediterranean steamer, these men were not apt to give up the chase.

They would follow like persistent wolves on the trail of a wounded deer.

It might take time, but unless signally baffled they would chase their intended quarry over the frozen steppes of Siberia, through the oriental splendors of Turkey, and into the heart of the black continent if necessary, in order to carry out the plans already arranged.

The two men sat at the table.

They talked earnestly, but Mr. Grimes could not tell one word from another, as their conversation was in an unknown tongue.

He grew impatient.

Every minute added to the risk.

Barnacle might be discovered.

He was in a position to get tired of holding on, and then he might let the boat go.

Mr. Grimes feared the latter view of the case with less alarm than the former.

Minutes passed, and minutes were precious.

Then the men arose.

Would they leave the cabin?

If so all would be well.

He could get Katy out, and perhaps escape.

One of the men went on deck.

The other opened the door of the state-room, and entered it without ceremony.

It was the middle room, the one he had mentioned to the steward as that in which the girl was to be found when he brought his dainties.

Now the coast was clear temporarily.

Mr. Grimes could wait no longer.

He wanted to discover something.

Stepping lightly over to the state-room which had been so recently vacated he went into it.

Only a thin bulkhead separated him from the adjoining apartment.

Listening he could hear a man's voice as he talked at length, while occasionally the tones of a female sounded plainly enough.

That was Katy.

Mr. Grimes imagined her voice was indignant as though she spurned some proposition that would save her life at the expense of O'Connor.

He had admired the girl before for her grit, and now he found no cause to feel otherwise than extremely friendly toward her.

Such bravery deserved reward.

He would go through fire and water in the cause of such a valiant little woman.

But this was not business.

He had entered this room with a purpose.



Moving over to the bulls'-eye window he opened it.  
Was it possible to pass through?

He was far from being a stout man, and this was a point in his favor.

With the exercise of some agility he managed to draw himself out of the bulls'-eye.

Was Barnacle near?

As well as he could guess this was beyond the spot where the boat had been left.

Straining his eyes he believed he could make out the little craft.

Would a signal bring Barnacle to him?

It was risky.

Some hostile ear might catch the sound, and thus matters be precipitated.

Still he would try.

Barnacle was listening intently, and those on deck were clustered near the bow, on the lookout for any vessel sweeping on with the tide.

The fog had thickened.

There was danger of a collision, for sometimes boats move recklessly upon the rivers, when they ought to creep slowly along.

After he had given the signal there came a moment of suspense.

Then Mr. Grimes saw the boat moving along in his direction.

Wide awake Barnacle had grasped the idea, and was floating along the side of the yacht, allowing the tide to swing his boat.

Thus he came underneath the bulls'-eye window where the detective hung.

Their heads were together a minute, during which Mr. Grimes gave his directions.

Then he crawled in again.

Finding the cabin empty he stepped into it.

A hasty examination of the door showed him that it was stanch, and could be secured.

He put the bar where it would do the most good.

From this moment on his actions must be quick, for the danger increased.

Was Number Five still in the state-room, endeavoring to convince the girl that she must comply with their demands to trap her lover?

He glided over to the door.

It was ajar.

The man was there, for his voice could be heard.

Mr. Grimes realized that the man was using logic in order to convince Katy that she would be saving her lover's life by complying with their wishes, and writing a letter which was to decoy O'Connor aboard the yacht.

Quietly the detective laid his hand on the door.

At this moment there was a banging at the cabin door, and the voice of the steward followed.

"It's me, cap'n—hyar's de lady's luncheon."

This precipitated matters.

Mr. Grimes could no longer hold back.

He tore open the door.

The Peruvian turned his head.

He was just in time to see the old detective come flying into the little state-room.

A collision was inevitable, for when Greek meets Greek there always comes the tug of war.

Mr. Grimes had the advantage of the surprise on his side, and this goes a good way.

On the other hand the thug was a man possessing more muscular power.

Under the circumstances the detective would have assailed him had he been a Hercules.

Before the other could prepare to receive him the man who sprang forward had alighted upon the astonished gentleman from the Andes.

He had reason to be surprised, considering the fact that this apparently infuriated stranger appeared so suddenly upon this private yacht, anchored out in the middle of the North River.

Had he dropped from the clouds?

It was not known whether the man had ever seen Mr. Grimes before now.

He recognized in him a deadly enemy, however.

Every fiber in his frame was strung to its utmost tension in order to concentrate strength to withstand the desperate rush upon him.

When the two men came together, such was the force of the detective's assault that both of them went over in a heap.

Katy gave a feminine scream, and then, recognizing in Mr. Grimes the earnest friend who had already aided her fortunes, she mentally prayed that he might win the day.

Nor was she content with this.

Katy proved herself an able lieutenant.

She picked up a billet of wood, and watched for a favorable chance to bring it down upon the head of the man who held her captive.

In order to do this she must make sure that she did not strike her champion by mistake.

They writhed about with such sudden twists and turns that Katy found no chance to enter her billet of wood in the contest.

Each man was doing his level best to win.

The thug believed his life to be the premium for which they fought, and any man will struggle desperately for such a stake as this.

On the other hand, Mr. Grimes had equally as much in the scales, seeing that he was even then in the lion's den.

Besides, there was Katy.

Her safety depended entirely upon the outcome of the strange battle.

These things nerved the detective's arm.

He had the advantage to begin with, and managed to keep it with his side.

The struggle was wholly an assault on his part, and a strenuous defense with the thug.

In the midst of the affair, as if it had not grown interesting enough, there came a series of tremendous whacks on the cabin door.

Undoubtedly the cries of the black steward had brought others to his aid.

Unless something occurred to prevent it, their violent assaults must soon break the door in.

Then it would be rough on Mr. Grimes.

Would the thug he choked never give in?

The grim old detective threw his weight forward, and clutched the man in a more terrible grasp.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CHASE ON THE RIVER.

There was no time for fooling.

Child's play would not do when such tremendous issues were at stake.

Should those who were endeavoring to break in the cabin door succeed in accomplishing their work before the detective had freed himself from the frenzied clutch of the man he was choking it was probable that serious trouble would follow.

The man was almost done for.

Still he held on as though his one desire, even if death came to him, was to detain Mr. Grimes until the others arrived on the scene.

Even his ears, though fast losing their power of hearing, had caught the sounds at the door, and his fading intellect grasped its meaning.

But the detective, with one tremendous effort, broke loose from the desperate clutch.

He hurled the almost senseless man against the bunk at the side of the state-room.

So far good.

At this moment, however, an ominous sound greeted the ears of the brave rescuer.

As he arose panting from his efforts toward reducing his stubborn foe to a state where he would be no longer feared, he heard a crash proceeding from the cabin.

No need to tell him what it meant.

The door!

Under such strenuous efforts it had finally been torn loose from its hinges.

One more such push would send it flying.

Another emergency had arisen.

How was it to be met?

No need for Mr. Grimes to ponder over such a situation as this.

He grasped the reins of the difficulty, and with his customary skill guided the craft safely.

His first act was to spring to the door of the little state-room, now the last barrier between himself and those thirsting for his blood.

This he drew shut.

Fortunate it was that this door opened outwardly.

Force, to be used upon it, must be in the way of pulling, not shoving, and under such circumstances more resistance would be found.

The door was frail.

Hence Mr. Grimes chuckled as he shot the bolt into its socket.

His next move was to drag the senseless Peruvian over and plant him against the door.

Perhaps he would serve as a sort of bulwark against the savage assaults of his friends.

All this was very good.

It did not mean escape, however.

The detective was apparently caught like a rat in a trap, and must find some means of leaving the little state-room ere it was too late.

He heard the crash that signified the falling of the cabin door.

Then came the rush of feet.

The state-room door was savagely shaken.

Evidently the leader of the opposition had a pretty good idea as to the state of affairs.

Mr. Grimes was not idle.

He had proven himself a man of action in all he had undertaken so far, and was not to be found with his mouth gaping open and his hands idle under such circumstances as these.

No sooner had he seen the senseless thug deposited beside the door than he made for the little bulls'-eye window close by.

To open it was the work of a second.

He put his head out.

The low signal was given.

It was answered.

Mr. Grimes believed he could make out the boat just below him.

He began to pass through the window.

To do this he had to go feet first.

There was no more room than the law allowed, but enough, and that was all he asked.

When he had passed through he lowered himself until his feet were in the boat.

Faithful Barnacle could be depended on.

"Steady, Barnacle."

As he stood there Mr. Grimes' shoulders were just on a level with the bulls'-eye.

He had to stand upon a thwart of the boat in order to bring this about.

Now came a serious job.

How was Katy to be taken out?

Her face already could be seen at the open port, but it was not as though she were a boy.

This was no time for stickling at small things.

She must come out.

"Put your arms out, Katy."

The whisper reached her ears.

Immediately the brave girl obeyed, and made her way half through the little opening.

"Put your arms around my neck. Now, for Heaven's sake, hold fast or all is lost."

"I will."

"Barnacle, steady the boat."

"Ay, ay, sir, steady it is."

All this in low tones, while the enemy were pounding upon the state-room door.

The noise drowned their words so that no one could hear save the party interested.

"Now, Katy—out you come."

He made a supreme effort.

To keep his balance was no small task under the circumstances, but fortune often favors the brave, and nothing serious happened.

Katy was deposited in the boat.

Mr. Grimes straightened himself up for one last glance into the state-room.

It was just at this juncture that the door gave way, having been smashed with an ax, and a hand pulled the bolt back.

Mr. Grimes drew his revolver.

He thought a little fright would do the fellows more good than harm.

So he let several shots into the room.

There were wild cries and confusion, although no one was hurt.

"Push off, Barnacle."

The waterman was highly pleased over the wonderful success that had attended their efforts thus far.

It meant much to him.

With cheerful alacrity he allowed the boat to drift



along the side of the yacht, for they were very close to the stern.

Dropping into his seat he picked up the oars, and was ready to dip them into the water just as soon as they cleared the yacht.

Meanwhile the greatest confusion reigned on board that trim little craft.

Men shouted as if crazy.

Several shots were fired in quick succession, but they evidently had been sent at random, for no damage resulted from them.

Loud voices were heard giving orders.

"Lower the boat!"

"There they go!"

"After them!"

Three pairs of oars would be better than one.

The only hope of the fugitives then was in the fog, which would cover them.

Once hidden from their pursuers it would be mere chance that might send the other boat directly upon their track.

There was one point about the detective that had served him well in the past.

He never trusted to chance.

While always willing to take advantage of luck as it came in his way, he never put his reliance on it wholly.

So it was in this case.

When he hoped the fog and darkness would befriend them, he prepared for the contrary.

Seated in the sternsheets of the boat, he coolly took out the empty cartridges from his revolver, and replaced them with full ones.

This was strictly in the line of business.

If their pursuers did not come upon them they would make the shore quietly.

Barnacle pulled like a Trojan.

His muscular power was something surprising, and it was all brought into play now.

The loud-voiced orders had ceased.

Looking back Mr. Grimes saw a light.

It was too near the water to be on the yacht, and hence there was but one conclusion.

Those who had entered the boat had taken a reflecting lantern with them.

With this they were able to see quite a distance ahead of their boat's bow.

This threatened serious consequences.

The boat was sweeping down toward them.

Three pairs of arms were certainly worth more than one, no matter how sturdy a pair the latter might be.

One result alone must follow.

There would be a discovery, followed by a brisk battle on the water.

Mr. Grimes spoke in a low, steady tone.

"Barnacle."

"Yes, sir."

"Draw off to one side."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"They will probably discover us in spite of all."

"That lantern do shine like all possessed."

"If it wasn't for that we could escape."

An idea flashed into Mr. Grimes' head.

"Barnacle."

"Ay, ay."

"If darkness suddenly comes upon the scene—that is if the lantern should go out suddenly, turn square across our course, out into the stream, pull a few

strokes, and then allow her to float without a sound on board."

"Good."

Perhaps Barnacle comprehended the plan which Mr. Grimes had in view, but the chances were he only saw the result to be attained.

It was just as well.

Results are what we seek in this world, and sometimes it seems that men are not at all particular as to the means employed to reach a given end.

The pursuing boat was quickly overhauling them—there could be no doubt of that.

Had there been darkness alone to contend with the light must have already reached them, but the fog hung around like a halo.

"There comes a ferry-boat!"

Sure enough, a monster, all aflame, seemed to be bearing down upon them.

For a moment their hearts were in their throats, so to speak.

With indescribable sensations of relief they saw the ferry-boat move past on the left.

Had they been in its course, having no light, nothing could have saved them.

Scarcely was this danger over with than the other peril faced them.

A shout!

It told of discovery.

The fog had lifted a trifle, as it often will, and allowed the light of the lantern to reach the spot where they chanced to be at the time.

The emergency had arisen.

How would Mr. Grimes meet it?

He had already formed his plan.

Averse to shedding human blood, even upon such

provocation as this, Mr. Grimes meant to accomplish his end without it.

"Steady, Barnacle, and remember."

As he spoke he left his seat.

Crouching in the stern of the boat he held his revolver with both hands.

It was pointed toward the craft of their pursuers, and evidently Mr. Grimes intended sending a leaden messenger that way.

Not long did he tarry.

The pursuing boat crept steadily on, gaining of course faster since Barnacle had stopped rowing.

That worthy was holding himself in readiness for the time when those behind would extinguish the light that made them such a target.

Crack! went the detective's revolver.

The result was instantaneous.

There was a jingling of glass, and the night breeze rushing through the broken lantern immediately extinguished the light.

## CHAPTER XV.

## CAGED IN A DEN.

Darkness succeeded.

Mr. Grimes had played his game well.

When he fired it had not been with the idea in view that by bringing sudden consternation among his foes they might escape.

Barnacle did not forget his share of the game. He began to send the boat out farther into the stream with a few powerful pulls.

Then, at a word from Mr. Grimes, he desisted.

Silence rested on the scene.

The wherry, with its three occupants, floated calmly upon the bosom of the stream, borne on by the influence of the young flood tide.

Hark!

The sound of oars rattling in the rowlocks reached their ears.

Already the enemy was in pursuit.

Having seen just where the wherry was when the light went out, the pursuers hoped to run down upon them in this way.

But for Mr. Grimes' forethought they would have succeeded, too.

The boat came on with a rush.

"All bend down," whispered the detective.

Whether this was to escape flying balls, or to lessen the chances of discovery the others could not of course say.

They obeyed implicitly.

Mr. Grimes himself crouched in the stern, still clasping the faithful little revolver that had already served them such a good turn.

He was ready to do battle if need be.

There was a rush, a sweeping sound, and they could just faintly see a moving object through the heavy fog, passing up the river.

Then it went out of sight.

They were safe, for the time being, at least.

"Now pull for the shore, Barnacle."

"New York?"

"Yes."

On they went.

Every few minutes Mr. Grimes would ask the waterman to cease rowing.

At such times he appeared to listen critically.

In this way he made sure that the larger craft was not bearing down upon them.

He knew they were making erratic curves hither and thither, in the hope of striking the object of their earnest search.

Success seemed to perch upon the banner of our friends, for as time passed away they saw no signs of their enemies.

Possibly the heavier craft belonging to the steam-yacht had gone too far up stream.

The shore was near by.

They could see the lights of the city twinkling through the fog.

Hurrah!

The victory had been won.

"We've beaten 'em, captain," said Barnacle.

"Listen!"

The sound of oars could be heard.

It came from below.

Evidently some boat was advancing along a line that would bring it between them and the shore they sought to reach.

What boat could it be save the one they had such good reason to fear.

The shore was so near, and the fog rising that there seemed but one alternative.

They must push on.

"Pull for the shore. Strain every sinew. We must reach it."

Barnacle needed no urging.

He took hold with a mighty vim, and the boat seemed to fairly fly through the water.

Loud voices testified to the fact that their enemies knew of their presence.

Both boats moved rapidly.

Their common destination seemed to be a small pier or bulkhead that jutted out into the water.

Which would reach it first?

Barnacle had the advantage of a shorter distance.

On the other hand, the larger boat was bearing down with the tide, and was moreover propelled by the brawn of three sturdy men.

"We win!"

As Mr. Grimes said this the wherry glided along the old dock.

The other craft was several boat lengths away.

Barnacle sprang out.

Like a flash he had whipped the painter around a projecting beam, and turned just in time to assist Katy out of the boat.

"Halt! or it will cost you dear."

The little party heeded not the words of the man who shouted so ferociously.

He was the leader of their pursuers, and the one Mr. Grimes had designated as Number Six.

As they ran off the old dock they heard the heavy boat come against it with a crash that must have caused consternation among her crew.

Would they pursue?

Dared they attempt to use force in the streets of New York?

Their leader seemed equal to anything.

Besides, Mr. Grimes did not like the looks of the neighborhood just here.

It was a low place.

Lumber yards abounded.

What houses were to be seen were of a squalid order, and taken in all he knew this to be one of the toughest parts of the city after dark.

One thing he regretted.

This was sending the hack away.

Had it been waiting for them how easily they could have distanced their pursuers.

But that was something out of the question.

Those in their rear were already advancing.

Looking back Mr. Grimes saw the five men flit past the lamp at the corner.

They gave him the impression of murderous thugs, tracking their intended victims.

An unexpected thing occurred here.

Several men who had been lounging in front of a low groggery joined in the pursuit.

Perhaps some quick words of the leader had brought them into his service.

This added to the difficulty.

Katy ran like a deer.

Her presence did not impede them, but for all that the enemy seemed to gain.



They had now left the lumber district.

Houses were on all sides.

Some were small affairs, others tenements.

As the hour was not late men were upon the streets, particularly around saloons.

One fellow thought he would be smart, and jumped in front of them.

"Stop!"

Barnacle gave him a thump that must have almost dislocated his spine.

Jumping over the fallen man Barnacle ran on after the other two.

He took it upon himself to be a sort of rear guard.

Another singular thing happened.

A man who was walking hurriedly down the street, having come from the nearest elevated railroad station probably, suddenly stopped just a dozen paces in front of them.

"Heaven be praised—it is Katy!" was the wonderful exclamation that broke from his lips.

"O'Connor!" cried Mr. Grimes.

It was indeed the Irish Monte Cristo.

How he came upon the scene at this opportune moment, when Mr. Grimes supposed him to be at the hotel, will be made clear in time.

Just then there was no chance for explanations.

O'Connor seized Katy's left arm.

Thus she had another defender on the spot, one who would shed his last drop of blood for her if need be, but this did not make their flight any the more rapid.

Their pursuers gained upon them.

Besides, their numbers had increased until they now looked like a mob.

The cunning Peruvian loudly swore that it was his

wife being abducted by two villains, and the crowd, ever eager for excitement, awaited no second invitation to join in the chase pell-mell.

Something must be done.

They would be overtaken ere another block had been gone over.

Mr. Grimes conceived the only available plan.

"Barnacle."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Come alongside."

The burly waterman did so.

He guessed that his patron, whom he had served so faithfully, had made up his mind to attempt some desperate plan.

"You know where the police station is?"

"Yes."

"Run there. Tell them there is a riot here.

Give my name, Obed Grimes, to the captain."

"I will."

"We will seek shelter in some house."

The chance came.

"Dart in here O'Connor."

While the waterman ran on the others slipped into an open door-way.

Mr. Grimes shut the door and, finding a bolt, shot it hurriedly into its socket.

Such a barrier would not stand long before the fury of an excited mob.

So far as any of them knew they were in some sort of arched passage that led back to regions as yet unexplored.

"Come, we must waste no time here. Lead Katy, O'Connor, while I move on ahead."

The detective speedily arrived at a door.

He turned the knob.

Finding the door open was like an invitation to enter, which he did not mean to refuse.

When all were in he secured this door.

Meanwhile the mob had arrived, and taken up its station in front of the house.

Loud shouts rent the air.

Mr. Grimes believed they would carry the place by storm, and his only hope lay in the expected arrival of the detachment of police.

If they could keep their eager foes at bay for a certain length of time well and good.

"Let me explore a little," he said.

Leaving them there he began to grope his way up a flight of stairs.

When he had reached the top he saw a light.

It seemed to come from a door that stood ajar.

Here was the chance he desired to learn the nature of the inmates of the house.

Perhaps they could count on them for assistance, and then again it might never do.

He glided forward.

Touching the door he pushed it open a few inches farther, so as to give him a fair view.

What he saw filled him with wonder.

Disgust, too, filled his soul.

Some eight or ten men were in the room.

They sat at a table, and upon this piles of chips and money lay beside cards.

A man, who seemed to be the dealer, had a silver case from which a spring had just ejected a card.

These men were gamblers.

The laws of the city were being vigorously enforced by the police, and men of this class had to find quiet houses in obscure parts of the city in order to carry on their peculiar business.

Some strange freak of fortune had taken them into this den just now.

What amused the old detective, though this was no time for merriment, was the expression of mingled wonder and alarm on the faces of the gamblers as the racket from outside reached their ears.

They looked actually astounded.

What could it mean?

Some of them began ramming money into their pockets in mad haste.

Others sprang to the windows.

The dark curtains were drawn aside, and they saw the mob in the street.

At the same time the crowd saw them, and of course believed these were the men they chased.

Shouts, imprecations, and stones began to fly.

Some even set to work banging in the door.

The gamblers' alarm increased.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## THE HOUSE OF HORRORS.

The stones crashed through the windows, and created a panic.

Flight was the first thought of the gamblers.

This was no attack of the police, and seemed a very mysterious affair to them, but it was quite evident that the motley crowd gathered outside meant serious mischief.

Mr. Grimes stepped aside.

He saw them coming.

Bursting through the door they ran along the hall until the stairs were reached.

Up these they flew, reaching the third floor.

"The trap! the trap!" he heard one say.

That gave him a good idea as to the means they meant to employ in order to escape.

These gambling dens generally have some back door or other means of exit, where, in case of an assault on the part of the police, the players can find a chance of escape.

In this one the opening was overhead.

Quickly he made his way to the stairs.

"O'Connor!"

"Yes."

"Come as fast as you can."

There was need of haste.

The mob, without having broken the windows of the house, had beaten in the door at the end of the passage.

They were at the door below.

O'Connor had obeyed orders, and remained where he was left, but believing the mad rioters must descend upon him speedily when he heard their outcries just beyond the door, he had drawn his revolver, resolved to make them pay dearly ere they cut him down from Katy's defense.

It was just then that Mr. Grimes' welcome voice sounded above, calling him up.

No time was lost in obeying, for he had the most implicit confidence in the detective.

Truly, what Mr. Grimes had succeeded in doing ought to have been enough to establish his reputation alone.

When O'Connor and Katy reached the top of the stairs they found Mr. Grimes.

A few words explained matters, and they made for the next flight of stairs.

"Where's the trap?" asked O'Connor.

"There—see, the last fellow is just passing through it. Now we'll have a chance to see where he goes."

Mr. Grimes clambered up the ladder as fast as he could go, leaving the others to follow.

As he crawled out on the roof he saw the last man of the gamesters about entering another house by means of a trap.

It was a very old trick. The detective had seen it applied before, under somewhat similar circumstances. Already the mob was below and scattering through the house.

The gaming instruments, together with the scattered coins in the main room, might keep them for a short time, but the leader would soon stir them up to the search again.

Once on the roof they made for the other trap.

Strange adventures, indeed, had befallen them on this night.

Perhaps there were others ahead in the untried future still more singular.

Who could say?

To the consternation of O'Connor and the vexation of the detective, when they reached the trap of the house in which the gamblers had vanished it was found to be fast.

The last gamester, no other than the cool dealer himself, had secured it below.

In vain were their efforts to open it.

The fastening held.

Since this route of escape was shut off they must cast about for another.

Mr. Grimes looked about him.

Here the darkness was not intense, as it had been on the river, and the many lights of the city helped to dissipate it to a degree.

Where could they go?

O'Connor sprang to try another trap.

The detective saw a single chance.

There was a roof adjoining, which had a couple of dormer windows breaking its slope.

He found it not very difficult to crawl along the gutter and reach the nearest of these.

Without any foolish investigation, in order to see whether the room beyond was occupied or not, he made the attempt to open the window.

It gave way.

This was enough, and he hastened back to lead the others to what seemed to be their sole chance.

Again Katy's courage was put to the test.

Lucky, indeed, it was she possessed such grit.

The Irish Monte Cristo was proud of her, and he

gloried in the thought that this brave girl was his own true, faithful love.

Risky though the proceeding was, no accident happened while they were crossing over the narrow gutter of the house.

The very darkness aided them, as they could not see the giddy depths below.

Through the dormer windows they pushed.

Intense darkness lay beyond.

There was something strange in thus entering a house from the roof without the faintest knowledge of its character.

Although the other building had contained a set of gamblers, this one might be the home of honest people, who would object to having strangers invade their domicile in this way.

Hence it was possible that their first intimation of the owner's displeasure might come in the shape of a pistol shot.

It was not a pleasant prospect.

They had embarked for the campaign, and as the danger in front was only a possibility, while that in the rear was a stern reality, their safest course was to go on.

At any rate they had apparently left their venomous pursuers in the lurch.

Unless some one of them had chanced to be on the roof at the time Mr. Grimes and his party entered the dormer window, they would not know where the fugitives had gone.

Fortune often favors the brave, and as our friends had proven their title to this qualification they could expect that their movement would be attended with success.



Mr. Grimes knew there must be a door to the apartment he had entered.

He groped around for this.

Finally he found it.

"Come this way," he whispered.

The others, guided by the sound of his voice, followed after him.

Thus they worked along until a flight of steps was reached leading below.

Mr. Grimes came very near falling down them, but timely grasping the post at the head saved him.

The detective's object was to reach the street as soon as possible.

If they could steal away without any of the mob seeing them all would be well.

When, after descending the stairs, they found themselves on the second floor, it became a question as to which way the line of retreat lay, for their position was mixed.

The house seemed to be a queer structure, differing from the general run.

Mr. Grimes had his mask lantern—he seldom went without it.

Finding a corner he struck a match.

Even in this the detective showed his breeding.

He never carried the ordinary matches, but instead wax ones that ignited softly.

The crackling of the ordinary parlor match would have betrayed him on many an occasion when secrecy was necessary.

Thus the lantern was lighted without a sound telling of the fact.

He found this better.

Their surroundings could now be seen when the little mask was drawn back.

They appeared to be in a square hall.

Several doors opened on it.

No stairs leading below could be seen, and this was the mysterious part of it.

Probably they were behind one of these doors.

Cautioning the Irish Monte Cristo and his fair companion to remain very quiet, the detective set about finding out the truth.

He stepped up to the nearest door.

Listening cautiously beside it, he could detect no sounds on the other side.

Thus emboldened he placed his hand on the knob, and gently turned it.

The door gave way.

Nothing lay there to prevent his opening it.

He stepped silently through, almost closing the door behind him, and then he raised the mask, allowing the light of his reflector to shine.

What he saw staggered him.

He appeared to be in a doctor's den.

Around the walls were scores of things to indicate this fact.

Skeletons were in glass cases—one hung suspended by a cord from the ceiling, and it was a wonder that Mr. Grimes had not come in contact with it on entering the room.

A table occupied the center.

It was toward this the eyes of the detective wandered after a quick glance around.

Why?

There was an awful fascination about the object covered with a white sheet that lay there.

He knew it was a human body.

Medical students become accustomed to these things, and think nothing of them, but to even the

strongest mind not brought into daily contact with the grisly monster death, there is a horrible attraction about his workings.

Even Mr. Grimes felt it.

This body had nothing to do with his case, so far as he knew, and could afford no clue to the solution of the problem covering their exit.

Still there was a terrible fascination about it.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, he stepped up and took hold of the sheet. He gently raised it.

The light of his lantern fell upon a face.

It was that of a woman.

She had been beautiful in life.

Now her face looked as though chiseled out of Parian marble, so white it was.

Mr. Grimes covered it over with the sheet.

His hand was reverential, for death in any form was sacred to him.

Another glance he took around.

Several doors were seen besides the one he had used in entering.

Did any lead to the stairs?

He stepped to the first and opened it.

It had a narrow passage beyond, but he saw no signs of stairs.

The second door showed him a closet, in which were bundled various things relating to the business of an anatomist—bones, a skull or two, tools of various kinds.

Mr. Grimes shut the door with a snap.

He had better get out of this den.

Stay, there was one more door.

Upon trying to open it he found it fast, but noticing a key in the lock, turned it.

As he threw the door open he uttered an ejaculation of sudden alarm.

Before him he saw a fiendish shape—a great chimpanzee, with glittering eyes and shining teeth.

The animal was alive, kept here as a pet by the strange man who had this den.

Mr. Grimes would have shut the door and fastened it again, but before he could do such a thing the animal sprang at him.

He retreated, holding the lantern so that the glowing light dazzled the brute's eyes.

This was all that saved him from a personal encounter with this black monster.

The giant ape, getting free from the closet, seemed to realize that there was a path of escape there.

Evidently he had been out before now.

Believing he was about to be assailed by the ugly brute, Mr. Grimes hastily drew his revolver.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A TERRIBLE MEETING.

Had the chimpanzee attacked him Mr. Grimes would have fired.

As these animals are very tenacious of life it is probable that the bullet from his revolver would not have ended the brute.

The result must be a desperate encounter, in which he might get the worst of it.

Luckily the chimpanzee appeared to be afraid of the light.

Backing away from it, the brute came to the half opened door leading to the narrow passage.

It uttered a sound that seemed to Mr. Grimes to be one of satisfaction, and immediately vanished.

The detective was glad to escape the desperate encounter, for he had no liking in that direction.

As this room had been barren of results in the line he was working, Mr. Grimes made for the door, by means of which he had entered.

Only a couple of minutes or so had passed since his leaving the others.

To his intense surprise they were gone.

He found the square hall just in the same condition as before.

There were the numerous doors leading from it to unknown quarters.

But it was empty.

Mr. Grimes rubbed his eyes.

He could hardly believe his senses.

Surely he had left O'Connor and Katy standing close together at this point, and yet it was vacant now beyond a possibility of doubt.

Had they simply changed their position?

He flashed the light around.

It reached the starting point without his seeing the slightest trace of the missing ones.

Surely harm could not have befallen them while he was near by.

His hearing was acute.

He could not have missed catching some sound in case they had been set upon.

One possibility remained.

Perhaps they had believed the hall to be public, and while awaiting the detective's return had stepped into the nearest room at hand.

Ah! this seemed plausible.

In low tones he called:

"O'Connor!"

There was no answer.

He raised his voice a trifle, and repeated the call, without any satisfaction.

This was singular.

What under the sun could have befallen them?

Surely they were under a star of ill-luck, and yet at times the venture gave the most promising signs of success.

Mr. Grimes never cried over spilled milk.

He found the affair had gotten into a most unexpected snarl, and it behooved him to take out the knots without delay.

He took a piece of chalk.

With this he marked a white cross upon the door from which he had just issued.

At the same time he turned the key in the lock.

Thus he hit two birds with one stone.

The white cross would prevent his wasting time entering the den of horrors again, while the locked door would keep the ugly chimpanzee from making a stealthy march on his rear.

Then Mr. Grimes took another survey.

Here was the exact spot where O'Connor and Katy had stood when last he saw them.

Opposite a door was ajar.

Had they gone that way?

Mr. Grimes remembered that the door had been in that same condition when he was there before, and besides he did not believe O'Connor could have gone to it in the dark.

If he had retreated from the spot it must have been through the nearest exit.

There was a door within reach.

When the detective tried it he found it locked on the other side.

This fact did not cause him to believe his friends might not have passed through.

Had they done this thing it would have been natural to have fastened the door.

Out came a peculiar pair of tweezers.

These were thrust into the keyhole.

They fastened on to the end of the key with a most powerful grip.

After that all that was necessary was for the human arm at the other end to give a twist, and the whole job was done.

The door gave way.

Mr. Grimes had already conceived a healthy respect for this strange house.

Evidently the doctor who lived here was an erratic

genius, and loved to dwell amid the most terrible implements of his business.

Few physicians have a private dissecting room at their homes.

This man must be some queer specialist, and there might yet be further horrors in his place of residence which a man of Mr. Grimes' prowling nature would be sure to run across.

Under these circumstances, then, the detective advanced in fighting trim.

He desired to be ready for business.

In one hand he held the little mask lantern, which could be manipulated so that by the pressure of a finger the mask fell or arose.

Thus, at a second's warning he could bring complete darkness upon the scene, or flash that glaring eye into the face of a burglar.

In his other hand he held the revolver.

Thus ready to meet anything in the shape of an adventure, Mr. Grimes advanced.

As he pushed through the door-way he looked keenly around him.

It was a room he entered.

He saw nothing unusual about it, and was puzzling his brain over the matter, when all at once he uttered a cry.

Bending down he picked something from the floor, and turned the light of his lantern upon it.

"They have been here, beyond a doubt."

He had found a glove.

Not ten minutes before he had seen Katy holding it in her hand.

This gave him a clew.

At the same time it increased the mystery of the affair.



If O'Connor and Katy had been in this room where were they now?

He gave the Irish Monte Cristo credit for having a cool head.

It would not be like him to endeavor to find his way out of here alone.

There must be a cause, and he would learn it all in good time.

Just now he meant to track them.

A hound might have followed by his scent, but the detective being a man, was gifted with no such powers, and had to use his cunning.

Of one thing he was sure.

They had entered by this door, but had not gone out the same way, for it was locked.

He looked along.

A passage opened before him, which without hesitation he followed.

All the while he kept a sharp lookout both for his friends and any danger.

A few steps brought him to a bend, and he hesitated, hardly knowing which direction to take in order to escape.

While thus undecided there suddenly arose a woman's scream.

Surely that was Katy.

Then came the sharp report of a pistol.

Mr. Grimes lost not another second.

He had good evidence now that the friends whom he sought were in trouble.

The noise had come from the left, and he at once turned in that quarter.

He had just noticed the fact that there was a light in that direction, when again he heard the signal of distress—a woman's scream.

What was that?

Some dark object came between him and the light.

The mask was down over his lantern, so that he himself was shrouded in darkness.

He stood motionless.

Moans reached his ears.

There came also a chattering sound, like that produced by the monster chimpanzee when he broke from his closet prison, and caused the bold detective to fall back.

Without a doubt the huge ape was advancing along the passage-way.

Mr. Grimes felt a thrill pass through him.

The possibility of an encounter was far from a pleasant thought.

At the same time he had no idea of avoiding it, believing as he did that the brute held one whose life was endangered.

By this time the shuffling noise had come close to the detective.

He believed it was near enough.

Action must take the place of thought.

There was a pressure of the finger, and up flew the mask.

A low growling ensued.

There was the monster ape, gnashing his teeth with furious rage.

His countenance, hideous by nature, was rendered doubly so by his passion.

In one long hairy arm he clasped to his side the slender figure of Katy Sullivan.

The girl appeared almost senseless with fright, and small blame to her that the situation appalled even her brave spirit.

That the shot Mr. Grimes had heard had not been wasted was evident.

Blood flowed from the body of the ape.

His left arm hung useless at his side.

If O'Connor fired that shot, as was most likely the case, he had come within an inch of the heart of the shaggy monster.

Where was O'Connor?

Dead?

Surely the brave Irish Monte Cristo would never have allowed Katy to be torn from his side by this animal fiend while he had strength left in his arm to defend his love.

Thought is like the lightning flash.

It passes through the mind, and annihilates space in the twinkling of an eye.

Mr. Grimes lost no time.

He was ready to attack the brute, but saw that there was no need of this.

The ape was belligerent.

On the previous occasion it had been cowed by the strong glare of the bulls'-eye.

Now the pain of its wound caused the animal to forget all this.

Dropping Katy it prepared to leap.

Once at close quarters with the monster the detective's case would be hopeless.

He knew this.

Nevertheless his hand was steady when he threw his revolver out on a line covering the body of his hairy antagonist.

The animal only had one well arm.

Perhaps this was why it dropped Katy, so as to be unincumbered.

Mr. Grimes pulled the trigger.

Hardly had the report sounded than with his thumb he drew the hammer back again.

All the while he kept the light steady.

The great ape endeavored to spring forward, but fell flat to the floor.

Snarling and snapping its teeth the animal made a desperate attempt to rise.

Failing in this it began to creep in the direction of the man who had fired.

Seeing there was still enough life left in his hairy antagonist to give him trouble if they came into contact, the detective aimed his weapon, and sent a ball crashing into his head.

That ended it.

The ape shuddered, made a spasmodic kick or two, and stiffened out.

Death had come.

Mr. Grimes did not wait for this.

He was already beside the girl.

Katy's eyes were open—she was alive, thank Heaven!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## UNDER THE MAD DOCTOR'S KNIFE.

The girl reached her feet with the assistance of the detective.

As her eyes fell upon the stiffening form of the dead ape she shuddered.

"Where is O'Connor?" asked Mr. Grimes.

"Oh, it was terrible. After he fired the brute knocked him back against the wall. I fear that my poor Redmond may be killed."

"We must see to this, Katy."

"I am myself again, never fear, sir."

She drew her hand across her face in a strange way, as if in so doing she would clear all cobwebs from her mind.

"Lead me to the spot where this occurred. You saw it all, you say?"

"Yes."

"Then there must have been a light."

"Yes, yes. We had entered the room hoping to find you there, when this awful brute suddenly appeared. Redmond fired, it sprang on him, and then carried me off as if I were a babe."

"I saw a light yonder. Come, we will go."

He drew her with him.

There was hardly any need of this, for poor Katy seemed just as anxious to reach the side of her lover as he could be.

Thus, in less than a minute, they reached the door of the room indicated.

A lamp burned within.

Mr. Grimes cast about him for the Irish Monte Cristo, fearing lest he should find his friend lying there with his skull crushed in.

To his surprise no human body met his gaze.

The room contained articles of furniture.

A couple of chairs upset told where the tussle had lately taken place.

Could O'Connor have recovered, and chasing after the terrible animal, mistaken his way?

Perhaps this was not the room.

He turned to the girl.

Katy was gazing, the picture of astonishment.

"Is this the place?"

"I am sure of it."

"But O'Connor is not here."

"Not now. I saw him fall, and lie quite still as if he were dead. Oh, misery!"

"Tell me where did he lie?"

"By yonder chair, which he pulled over with him."

He could ask for nothing plainer than that.

In another moment the detective was bending over the spot indicated.

He gave a grunt.

All doubt as to O'Connor having lain there was immediately dissipated.

Traces of blood could be seen.

Now the single mystery remained, had the Irish Monte Cristo gone away of his own accord, or been dragged off in his senseless condition?

This called for the detective's greatest skill.

He again bent down to solve the puzzle.

*Little things told him much.*

O'Connor had been dragged out.

More than that, he had been taken by the heels as unceremoniously as a hog.

The clew-finder turned to Katy.

"Why did you leave the hall?"

"We saw a light through a door opposite. Watching we saw an old man with long white hair and the wildest face in the world advancing.

"Believing he was coming on to the hall, and that we should be discovered, Redmond opened the nearest door and pushed me through.

"Then he followed and locked it.

"Afterward, believing the old man had gone, we hunted for the door which we had lost.

"At last we believed it found, and unlocking it groped along until we realized we were lost.

"Just then we saw a light ahead, and it was a welcome sight.

"As we entered this room that terrible monster sprang out, and—you know the rest."

Thus one mystery was cleared up.

O'Connor had acted for the best.

But what terrible strait was the brave man in?

"That old fellow has been here."

Mr. Grimes held up a long white hair which he had found beside the spot where O'Connor had lain.

He left Katy again—there was no help for it.

It was easy for his trained eye to mark the path along which the senseless O'Connor had been dragged by the odd-looking doctor.

Various marks betrayed it.

He reached a door.

Katy would not be left behind.

She was now beside him.

"It was out of here that beast came," she said.

This gave the detective an idea.

The passage resembled that one leading from the dissecting room, down which the chattering ape had fled after their first encounter.

A chilly feeling passed over Mr. Grimes.

From what the girl had said he had a dim idea that this weird looking old doctor was out of his mind on some subjects.

Perhaps he would believe this was another subject for dissection, that had rained down into his house in a mysterious way.

No time was to be lost.

"Katy."

"Yes, sir."

"Follow after me, but keep some ten feet away. When I stop you do the same."

"Sure you can depend upon me, only find my poor Redmond."

"Make no futher sound."

"I am dumb, sir."

The girl was as bright as she was pretty.

Mr. Grimes started swiftly along the passage.

Every foot he advanced he became the more firmly convinced that his suspicions were right.

If so, then he must soon come to the door leading into the dissecting room.

To experiment he suddenly shut off his light.

It was well.

Ahead of him he saw what looked like a single fiery eye piercing the darkness.

It did not puzzle him.

He knew instantly that it was a light shining through a keyhole in a door.

Yes, to prove it he discovered traces of light at the point where the door and floor adjoined.

This fact but strengthened his conviction that the



dissecting room lay beyond, now illuminated because the master of the house was there.

Mr. Grimes did not halt.

The presence of that light only told him that he was needed at the front.

Another moment and he was at the door.

Strange sounds came to his ear.

It was like the chuckling of some demon.

Perhaps the old doctor had a fit companion in the huge ape he had kept as a pet.

Without wasting time in speculation the old detective gently opened the door.

His presence was not noticed.

What he saw almost paralyzed him with horror.

Upon the dissecting table, beside the still form covered by a sheet, lay O'Connor.

Blood was upon his face.

To all appearances he was dead.

Bending over him Mr. Grimes saw the old man spoken of by Katy.

He was indeed a singular character.

His long white hair, his wrinkled, almost hidden, face, the unnatural, insane gleam of his eyes—all these things united to make him an object who would attract attention on the streets.

Mr. Grimes had never seen his equal off the stage he was positive.

Just then the crazy anatomist was in a position that suggested evil designs.

He was in the act of picking up a keen-pointed dissecting knife.

His ear had been close to the heart of his intended subject, and he had heard its throbings.

The idea of a live subject was something to enrage the insane professor.

He would not stand it.

The dissecting knife was raised.

Mr. Grimes had his revolver.

He never liked to shed human blood, but this madman was about to take the life of his friend and employer, and brave O'Connor must not be sacrificed to the whim of such a creature.

That revolver had already done good work on this night, and it was able to do more.

But Mr. Grimes did not fire.

It was not because he was too late.

One of O'Connor's arms suddenly shot upward.

His hands struck the arm of the mad doctor, and his fingers closed over his wrist.

Thus the would-be assassin found himself baffled of his prey.

Nor did O'Connor stop here.

His other hand made a dive for the wrinkled throat of his persecutor.

Securing a hold here he half drew himself up.

It was a sight Mr. Grimes would never forget if he lived thirty years.

The strange room with its horrible contents—the weird light of a lamp made in a hanging skull—the wizard of a doctor with his velvet jacket, long white hair, and cunning face, and last of all the young Irish Monte Cristo battling for his life, blood marking one side of his face, the result of his encounter with the monster ape some time before.

That was the scene.

Katy, realizing that something was occurring in the room beyond, broke her promise, and reached the detective's side in time to see this.

She uttered a cry.

The sight of the knife distracted her.

"Save him, Mr. Grimes—save my Redmond."

She would even have rushed forward only that the old detective caught her.

"Be still, Katy. I will save him."

His words calmed her.

She appeared to have the utmost confidence that he would keep his word.

He started forward.

The mad doctor had discovered his presence, and was making frantic endeavors to break loose.

O'Connor held on like a bull-dog.

Thus he was dragged from the table.

His feet touched the floor.

They were now face to face, and the advantage did not appear to rest with either.

O'Connor was the younger, and ordinarily might have possessed more strength, but his recent blow had deprived him of a portion of his powers.

On the other hand, the old doctor was crazy.

People who are thus afflicted, it has been noticed time and again, are apt to be gifted with strength out of all ordinary reason.

If left to carry the fight to an end it might be doubtful as to the ultimate winner.

Each had a chance.

The man who could hold out the longer would carry the day.

It was just as well that O'Connor had a good and true friend handy, for it relieved him of all embarrassing possibilities.

Mr. Grimes' first act was to take the knife from the hand of the mad doctor.

The latter, finding himself assailed in two quarters seemed to be seized with a frenzy.

He tore himself loose from O'Connor's grasp.

Perhaps the latter was quite willing he should go, since he had been disarmed.

The old wretch sprang back.

His teeth were chattering not unlike those of his hairy pet, the chimpanzee, when Mr. Grimes thrust his bulls'-eye lantern in its face.

Fit companions these two were.

As the detective took a step toward him the doctor sprang back.

Reaching the door of the closet which had once held the hairy monster he flew in as though with the idea of seeking the brute, and causing it to assist him against his foes.

Mr. Grimes saw his chance.

He was quick to improve it.

This insane old wretch might give them more trouble unless prevented.

What better chance could arise than this?

Mr. Grimes slammed the door, and locked it.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## MR. GRIMES LEADS ON.

The mad doctor was caged.

He had arranged the den for his pet, the chimpanzee, and now found how the accommodations were suited to the purpose.

Mr. Grimes turned to his friends.

"Thus far we have achieved a victory, but I am afraid the noise may have attracted the crowd to this house. We must leave it as soon as possible."

O'Connor had sprung to Katy.

He was holding her in his arms, endeavoring to hide from her sight the sheeted form upon the dissecting table, desiring to spare her as much of the horror as was possible.

They no longer had anything to fear from the inmates of the strange house.

The chimpanzee was dead, and its crazy master under lock and key.

Still there was danger in the air.

The men from Peru were on the trail, and they had the persistence of the thugs of India.

Nothing would daunt them.

Mr. Grimes rapidly ran it all over in his mind.

He knew that the burden must still fall upon his shoulders.

Fortunately they were broad enough to stand it.

They could do no better than go back over the ground lately traversed.

Somewhere they must find the stairs leading to the

outside. It seemed an age since they had breathed the pure air of heaven.

Time passes slowly under certain circumstances.

Again it goes with lightning speed.

The condemned criminal, as the hour for his execution draws nigh, seems to see the hands of the clock glide around its face.

How circumstances alter cases.

"O'Connor!"

"Here, Mr. Grimes."

"We must make a break."

"So I am thinking myself."

Then follow me."

Mr. Grimes left the mad doctor's study.

He took the door through which they had entered, leading to the narrow passage.

O'Connor, with his arm around Katy, led her from the place, trying hard to screen its terrors from her eyes as they walked.

But Katy was human.

Moreover, she was a woman.

She had had a glimpse of the awful sights in that chamber, and some terrible fascination seemed to make her turn her head as she passed through the door, shuddering even at the time.

"Isn't it fearful, Redmond, dear?"

"Think nothing of it, darling. We'll soon be out of this crazy doctor's den, I'm thinking, and perhaps away across the sea. It's wedded in haste we must be, if we would sail before morning."

The Irish Monte Cristo shrewdly spoke in this strain, knowing that no other power could cause Katy to forget the scenes she had just looked upon.

His maneuver was a success.

Katy blushed unseen, and a happy feeling in her

heart told that she was ready to do as her lover said, in spite of Felix Doyle and his schemes.

Meanwhile Mr. Grimes had his little lantern at work, and was looking earnestly for the stairs.

They must be somewhere.

The house was the oddest one he had ever seen.

It matched the crazy doctor.

Apparently there were no means of reaching the second story from below.

Could the doctor have some trap, where he ascended and descended perhaps with the aid of a rope ladder?

This seemed like a wild thought.

It was not an improbable one.

Anything could be looked for when dealing with a mad and cunning man.

He might imagine he was pursued by enemies, and have made his house a fortress.

Under such unusual circumstances it would be necessary for them to find a window.

One looking upon the rear would answer best.

The distance to the ground could not be more than twelve feet or so.

A rope would guarantee their arrival below, and if this could not be obtained, a good substitute was a twisted blanket or two.

Trust Mr. Grimes for an ingenious way of overcoming this difficulty.

He had just about made up his mind that this would have to be done when, opening a door, he discovered the missing stairs.

Luck seemed to be turning.

They started to descend.

When half way down Mr. Grimes paused.

"Hark!"

A thundering noise echoed through the house.

There could be no mistaking its character.

The mob was hammering at the door.

Their attention had been attracted toward the house by the sounds proceeding therefrom, and the idea seemed to have broken upon them that those they hunted had taken refuge here.

Mr. Grimes was not surprised.

He had more than half expected this.

The game had not yet been played to a finish, and ere this came to pass the trio might be called upon to experience more adventures.

"We will go down."

Mr. Grimes spoke calmly.

If he had been about to face the mob and meet its fury he would not have shown any signs of excitement.

Reaching the bottom of the stairs he flashed his light around to get his bearings.

He could locate the door at which the men on the outside were hammering.

Luckily it was a strong one.

There was a window, too.

It had iron bars running perpendicularly.

Glancing toward this he saw human heads outlined against the light from the street lamp, as though some of the rioters were endeavoring to ascertain what was beyond the bars and glass.

Those on the outside were growing clamorous for admission.

They were in no mood for trifling.

A mob moves from impulse.

There may be something at the head of it, but the ingredients that go to make up the mass keep urging this front on.



Discretion was never known to exist in such a combination.

Every moment was precious, therefore, and the sooner they found some means of gaining the rear of the house the better.

How was this rear to be gained?

If the house was built in as singular a way below as above they would soon find themselves in a labyrinth of passages, about which it would bother them to discover the proper way.

Mr. Grimes believed this was the last tug.

The difficulty once tided over they would have clear sailing to the end.

He plunged ahead.

The noise grew more furious.

A great crash sounded.

Then came the jingling of glass, as the mob hurled stones through the windows.

Some building was going on near by, and a great pile of bricks gave them a temptation to make use of the missiles.

But for the iron bars they would have been kept out no longer than the time taken in breaking each sash of the window.

A door confronted our pilgrims.

As Mr. Grimes tried it he found it locked, and the key was missing.

This was a nuisance.

Not that the ingenious man would be long held at bay by such an obstacle.

He had the necessary *tools to accomplish such a task*, but a certain amount of time would be wasted, and even seconds counted now.

There was no use of complaining.

The only way was to attack the obstacle.

Before his magic touch the door speedily opened.

Talk of the magicians of olden days, the "open sesame" of "Ali Baba or the Forty Thieves," this wonderful man had a power of his own which appeared equal to anything they ever conceived.

He could open doors, scale walls, and change himself into forty different characters, and all through his own skill, without calling into play any of the supernatural qualities of the story writer's art.

Through this door he led his charges.

Every act of the old detective gave them greater confidence in his skill.

They had virtually placed their lives in his keeping, and feared nothing.

He was indeed a wonderful man who could inspire such confidence.

There were no more barriers.

They speedily reached what proved to be the kitchen of the house.

Not a soul had been seen all this while, and it looked as though just at present the crazy anatomist was the only one at home.

He was well cared for, having taken the place of his chimpanzee.

Cautiously Mr. Grimes opened the outside door.

It had been locked.

He took the key, and was prepared to fasten the door again after their departure.

Hark!

What noise was that outside?

Had some members of the mob already made their way around to the rear?

It seemed incredible, and yet——

A low growl came,

This was succeeded by a jingling sound, as if from a chain.

"Ah! I see," muttered Mr. Grimes.

In the darkness he had discovered two yellow balls of glowing fire.

There was no mystery about it.

The man who made a pet of a hideous chimpanzee could be expected to have some huge hound fastened to his fence.

Perhaps the brute guarded a gate whereby they hoped to effect their escape.

Mr. Grimes turned the light of his lantern that way, and saw that what he had suspected was indeed the truth.

A large dog was chained to a kennel.

Close by appeared to be a gate or door in the wall surrounding the little rear yard.

Beyond—they did not know what lay there, but this was their only chance.

Mr. Grimes advanced.

The hound leaped the length of his chain, and growled terribly.

Nothing daunted, the detective went within a foot of the brute.

The distended jaws seemed to invite a shot.

He pulled the trigger.

Following the shot came a half-muffled whine.

The brute's jaws snapped shut, and he rolled over.

One or two spasmodic quivers, and the end had come to him.

He was dead.

There seemed nothing in the way of their escape, provided the opening proved the boon which they hoped for.

It seemed that they had not escaped from the house a moment too soon.

The mob had forced an entrance. Half of them did not know what was the cause of the disturbance.

They had flocked out of neighboring saloon dens and hiding-places, where during the day they remained in seclusion from the police.

Plunder was their idea. They saw the chance, and improved it.

The doctor's house would soon be ransacked from garret to cellar.

Meanwhile bold Mr. Grimes had reached the gate and unbarred it.

The three, passing through, found themselves in what appeared to be a wagon yard.

From this they could no doubt easily reach the street again.

To their dismay angry shouts announced that their whereabouts was no secret to their foes.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE PORTAL OF THE CHURCH.

"We must run for it."

The old clew-finder realized that they had reached the last ditch.

No longer could they hope to elude the enraged rioters by hiding.

From several quarters came the sound of voices, raised in excitement.

Men were dropping into the wagon yard by ones and twos.

It was impossible to tell where they came from.

No one cared to investigate.

The three persons most interested were busily engaged putting as much space between them and their foes as possible.

One thing Mr. Grimes hoped for.

If the wagon yard was inclosed by a high fence, as sometimes occurred, they were lost.

He believed this to be an open lot.

Then they could reach the street and have a show.

It turned out this way.

Only one man tried to cut them off, the others being too far off.

It is doubtful whether he ever knew what hurt him.

Mr. Grimes was beginning to show signs of anger by this time.

The persistency with which these good-for-nothing

fellows hunted them was enough to make even the coolest man furious.

He struck with the force of a prize-fighter, and the poor fool later on must have had an idea that a mule had kicked him over.

The street!

Thank Heaven it was gained.

There was now no obstacle ahead, though the discordant elements in the rear were gathering in force to attack them.

The chase was much the same as before their seeking shelter in the house which had proved to be a gambling den.

One thing had been gained.

Time.

Barnacle could certainly have reached the police station long ere this.

A squad of officers would no doubt be on the way to the scene of disorder.

Would they arrive in time?

The very lives of our friends depended upon this thing.

No wonder they were anxious.

Again Katy was experiencing the fear that had struck a chill to her poor heart before.

The wild, fierce shouts of angry men following after them rang out on the night air.

This alone was enough to cause a dumb feeling of horror to come upon her.

Then she experienced a feeling of weakness, for what she had gone through was enough to weary even the strongest.

The leading rioters swiftly drew closer.

Mr. Grimes fingered his revolver.

He knew the end was near.

A few shots, and if these inflamed the fury of the men instead of causing alarm, then their cause was hopelessly lost.

O'Connor had his teeth tightly clenched.

He was resolved, like a true Irishman, to fight through it all to the end.

If the worst came he would give up his life in defense of his love.

The peril that had hung over these two men seemed to have drawn them closer together, and brothers could not have felt more warmly toward each other.

True, Mr. Grimes had started into this business for a money consideration.

Soon, however, he had come to regard the young Irishman with deep regard.

His devoted struggle against these enemies, who would have dragged him down and torn him away from his beloved, had aroused a feeling within the old detective's breast that he seldom allowed full swing in his business.

Mr. Grimes' line of trade was a peculiar one.

Often he had to perform what seemed heartless acts, as he might be thrown into contact with wretched humanity.

He had come to read human nature exceedingly well, and could generally tell whether he was being imposed on or not.

Now his utmost sympathies were aroused in the interest of these two.

He had sworn to see them united for life, no matter what difficulties stood in the way.

These he would brush aside.

A few plotting devils more or less would not deter him from carrying out his plans.

He realized, however, that all such danger as might be incurred from such men as Felix Doyle was tame beside that awful peril which now menaced them.

An enraged mob is an exceedingly hard thing for any man to manage.

The constituent parts of it are seldom amenable to the plainest reason.

A mob is like a mad bull, rushing forward with death and fury in its eyes.

Sometimes innocent men have been basely murdered by such a crowd.

All this because reason is wasted upon an infuriated assembly.

Appearances control their action.

What could be done?

To face these mad demons meant death.

Even the revolver would not hold them in check or stop their impetuous rush.

O'Connor had long sought his beloved, and through the aid of the old detective she had been found at last, but it looked just then as if the search was to end in a terrible disaster.

Time!

They must gain it.

How could it be done?

Their adventure thus far had been of a most thrilling nature.

Considerable time had elapsed since Mr. Grimes and Katy landed from the river.

Could they enter another house?

The detective cast his eyes about him.

If ever he needed the favor of fortune it was in this emergency.

Katy was exhausted.



She tried to keep up a brave heart, but all that she had gone through had been too much for her nervous system.

Should she sink down now, all that the two men could do would be to stand over her and shed the last drop of their blood in her defense.

The corner was near.

If fortune only favored them now they would find some means of shelter.

To gain time they must be able to enter the house while momentarily out of sight of the mob.

The loud cries of the searchers would soon guide the police to the spot, should Barnacle succeed in reaching the station and giving the alarm.

One thing was favorable.

Mr. Grimes had worked many years among this very class of men.

He knew their peculiarities well.

Had it been a mob of excited Italians, over in Rome, where he was fated soon to find himself, he would hardly have known how to take them.

Perhaps his missionary labors among these tough classes were not exactly appreciated by the elements among whom he worked.

It was in the interests of the law, and not humanity, that this man did his work.

He had gained the hatred of every evil-doer in the metropolis, but good men bade him go on and strike terror to the heart of crime.

The corner reached at last, our little group of fugitives found themselves temporarily out of the mob's excited sight.

It would be but a brief time, however, ere the bellying leaders must come rushing around, and once more see *their game*.

Now or never.

With an eagerness almost born of despair the detective glanced around him.

They had debouched from the vilest quarter of the city, and had now reached what might be termed the first stepping-stone upward.

This street was a trifle more respectable.

It had a church in it.

Perhaps the presence of this sacred edifice had something to do with its tone.

Mr. Grimes looked for shelter.

He did not consider himself as particular, so long as the time was gained.

Here was a chance.

The portico of the church was dark.

A dozen persons could secrete themselves there and pass unnoticed.

"Up this way, O'Connor."

Monte Cristo was quick-witted.

He saw at a glance what his detective friend meant, and grasped the situation.

Cold chills had been running up and down his back for the last few minutes.

Not that he was afraid for himself—the man who had carried off the treasure of the Inca's from under the eyes of the men who guarded it, could hardly know the meaning of the word fear.

It was on account of Katy he trembled.

The bare thought of her falling into the hands of an infuriated mob caused him anguish.

Once crouching upon the portico of the little church they drew their breath in gasps, and waited for what might turn up next.

One point had been gained.

At any rate this place would give them a better chance to stand at bay than the street.

Here they could not be attacked in the rear, and would only have their front to guard.

Hardly had they occupied their new position than the advance of the mob came whirling around the corner like hounds on the trail. Their loud shouts of eagerness and anger gave way to cries of dismay when they found that the little party of fugitives had disappeared.

It seemed as though the ground must have opened up and swallowed them.

The leaders ran on.

They did not appear to have any particular motive in view, but were carried forward by the zeal that had animated their advance.

As they ran they did not look ahead, but from side to side, as if understanding that those they sought must have taken refuge somewhere.

Former experience had taught them this.

Perhaps others who followed would not go so far down the quiet street.

It was useless to hope that all would pass without some bright mind discovering the truth.

Should this occur a grand rush must follow.

It would be singular if the death-struggle should occur there upon the steps of the building from whose altar was weekly preached the doctrine of peace on earth.

Eagerly they waited.

Both men held their revolvers in their hands.

They had been hunted for, and desperation now lent new force to their condition.

Men can fight doubly well when hopeless.

More rioters passed.

Their shouts had now dwindled to cries and exclamations of surprise and anger.

They scattered.

Some looked here and others there.

It was only a question of time.

Discovery was absolutely certain.

Presently a squad of three halted.

They were directly in front of the church, and in their conversation they pointed up to the exact spot where the fugitives were concealed.

It had come.

The two men shut their teeth hard, and, as if by a common impulse, raised their weapons.

Like cornered rats they would fight desperately, and to the last gasp.

"Ready, O'Connor," whispered the detective.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## UNDER THE IRON GRATING.

It looked as though the time had come when they must fire.

Of course this meant discovery.

With the first shot the whole of the mob would turn upon them and try to rend them.

It sometimes seems that fate tries to see how close she can get to disaster without allowing the worst to happen.

So it was in this case.

Just when Mr. Grimes and O'Connor had given up all idea of avoiding an encounter they were saved for a time at least from disaster.

It was Katy who made a discovery.

"The door is open behind us."

She whispered these words in the ear of her lover, and the words electrified him.

Quickly he repeated the words to Mr. Grimes.

The old detective saw a new chance arise.

If they could repeat the system of tactics whereby the enemy was delayed, so much gained.

Should a good door be placed between them and their foes so much the better.

"We will retreat into the old church."

The others caught his words.

Then they began to move backward.

It was by the merest accident in the world that Katy had made this discovery.

She was leaning against what she thought was the solid wall when she felt it move.

Turning she found it was the door of the building, and that it was ajar.

She could open it.

Then it was she turned and communicated this fact to the man who held her heart.

As the three fugitives began to retreat into the church they saw the men on the pavement moving forward up the steps.

Then came hoarse shouts.

"Here they are. This way, fellows."

They were discovered.

No need of secrecy now.

As soon as they gained the interior of the church Mr. Grimes put his weight on the door.

"Look for the lock while I hold it against the brutes," he uttered, quickly.

O'Connor bent forward.

He passed his hand over that part of the door where he supposed the lock would be.

A moment later and a heavy body was precipitated against the door.

Mr. Grimes had braced himself.

He held his position firmly.

At the same time, having no secure brace at his feet, he could not expect to hold out against such force for long.

To his gratification he heard O'Connor give an exclamation of satisfaction.

This was followed by the thud of a bolt being shot into its socket.

They were temporarily safe.

It would give them time to look around and see what sort of place they were in.

The detective drew a long breath.

"That's what I call luck," he said.

"Yes, it is, indeed. Thanks to my quick-witted Katy here, we have escaped the wretches."

Mr. Grimes shook his head.

"It's too soon to say that, sir."

"Do you think they would dare to follow us here?"

"Such men will dare anything."

"Can they do it?"

"This door is not as strong as it looks. I felt it shake when one man hurled his weight against it. Should half a dozen do so together I'm afraid it would come down with a crash."

"What shall we do?"

"The church is dimly lighted. They must have had some midnight service here, or else yonder lamp is one never allowed to go out."

"We can dimly see our way."

"Then one of two things remains to be done."

"Name them."

"We must stay here and defend the door, or else seek another outlet to the edifice."

"Which one do you prefer?"

"The last."

"Why?"

"Because I have an idea the mob can force an entrance through any one of the dozen low windows you see around us."

"That would finish our downfall."

"Then let us be going while we may."

Not a word of dissent arose.

O'Connor had been entirely convinced by the other's style of reasoning.

As for Katy, whatever satisfied the man she loved was enough for her.

They left the door.

Already the furious men outside were pounding upon it with tremendous force.

As yet they did not seem to have sense enough to act in concert.

They were like a pair of balky horses, one straining while the other held back, and then *vice versa*.

When they learned to pull together the object they had in view would be speedily gained.

Our friends moved into the body of the church.

The large lamp which gave this subdued light was near the middle.

As they drew near it the detective came upon an opening in the solid floor.

He saw stone steps.

Where could this lead?

Was it a vault?

What chance of concealment was there here?

The covering was a heavy iron grating.

If this could be slipped down without being fastened in any way all might be well.

Quick to act, he communicated his idea to the others, and bade them descend.

The grating was held back by a bar.

It seemed heavy.

He might require assistance, and called upon the Irish Monte Cristo to aid him.

The grating being moved an inch, the bar fell.

Then it was simply a question of lowering the grating into its place.

When this had been done they were separated from the enemy.

Mr. Grimes knew what manner of place it was they had entered.

In Europe many churches and monasteries have



vaults beneath their marble floors for the reception of the dead.

It is seldom this thing is done in America, though there are some instances where nuns are thus buried inside the walls behind which they have sought seclusion from the world.

A candle was burning deep in the vault.

It gave a dim light.

Mr. Grimes stepped hastily toward it, and with one whiff of his breath extinguished it.

It was far better that they should remain in utter darkness than that the eager eyes of the searchers should be attracted to the iron grating in the flooring of the church.

Having returned to where the others stood, O'Connor with his arm thrown protectingly about the waist of his sweetheart, the detective endeavored to learn just how far the game had gone.

What was the enemy up to?

He could hear them at the door still.

Evidently they had not been able to break it open, and their efforts in that quarter had apparently grown more feeble.

But voices could be heard.

Some of the men were calling to each other, and they seemed to be inside the church.

Undoubtedly they had done just what the detective had suspected—utilized the low windows.

Through several of these they were now climbing into the sacred edifice.

The search would soon begin.

They could be heard moving around.

Having no reverence for the building they laughed and swore and shouted.

It was a tough crowd to invade a church.

One man unbarred the door.

Thus the whole mob was at liberty to swarm into the building, and continue the search.

They looked over every foot of space.

Even into corners where a mouse would have found it difficult to hide they searched.

That is the way with unorganized bodies—there is no system in their methods.

Of course more than once some man tramped across the iron grating.

One fellow bent down in curiosity.

He tried to peer below the bars, but as the candle burning for the dead had been extinguished this act brought no reward.

Then he poked a cane he held in his hand between the bars, endeavoring to make some discovery in this uncouth fashion.

Mr. Grimes had drawn back, and all of them kept perfectly silent, so of course the man of an investigating turn of mind learned nothing.

He took hold of the grating.

It was too heavy for him to budge.

O'Connor's heart was in his throat for fear that the man might conceive the notion of calling to his comrades for assistance.

He appeared perfectly satisfied.

Perhaps he believed the grating was cemented to the floor, or else realizing that it led down to vaults where the dead were put, did not desire a more intimate acquaintance in that direction.

At any rate he moved away.

The three secreted fugitives breathed easier.

They heard the furious search proceed.

Undoubtedly damage would be done the interior

of the church, for such unruly men could not help doing the work of vandals.

Would they go further?

In their mad fury they might set fire to some of the woodwork or curtains around the altar, and as there was inflammable material near at hand, it would be but a brief time ere a hot fire raged in the edifice.

Although even this might not mean destruction to those in the vault below, it would be decidedly uncomfortable, to say the least.

The hot air might come in through the open space between the bars, and suffocate them.

It is strange how thoughts will fly through the brain when excitement reigns.

One can think of volumes in a short space of time, and vividly picture events as they sweep through his brain.

The hue and cry still continued.

It was uncertain what the infuriated fiends would do before they stopped.

Suddenly one of them uttered a cry.

It seemed as though he had discovered a passage-way leading down to a door in the rear.

This was evidently the means taken by those who officiated at the altar to enter.

It was immediately taken for granted that the fugitives had passed out this way.

The shouts of those near the spot signaled to the rest that the game was started again.

A rush took place.

Helter-skelter they left the edifice.

In three minutes a deathly silence reigned within those walls.

They were safe.

Their first thought was of thanksgiving, for the

danger had been so serious and imminent that they hardly knew how to express their joy.

Fainter grew the shouts without.

It was as though the crowd was scattering in its search for the lost fugitives.

O'Connor grasped Mr. Grimes' hand.

"It's a long lane that has no turning, sir. I trust we are safe now."

"We have a chance at any rate.

"Ten minutes have gone by since they fled. Let us get out of here. I do not like the musty odor that rises around us. It is as though we were in the catacombs under old Rome."

"Give me a hand here."

The two men strained, but the iron grating did not move a hair's breadth.

"It is as I feared," said Mr. Grimes, moodily, "there is some sort of spring lock, and we are fastened in the vault."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## ONE MORE BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

It was not a pleasant thought.

They had escaped the insane fury of the mob, incited to violence by the men from the Triad, but it was only to face a new difficulty, and find themselves prisoners.

Mr. Grimes quickly recovered himself.

He never gave up.

If one plan failed he was just as ready to seize upon another.

The means mattered little to him in a business light as long as he reached the end.

First of all he struck a match.

The light from the lamp high up in the body of the church did not penetrate below the grating, so that inky darkness reigned there.

When the match was burning the detective walked back and applied it to the candle.

Thus they had means of illumination.

What would Mr. Grimes do next?

O'Connor had become accustomed to waiting for his companion to act, and he now stood watching the keen-witted detective.

How could the grating be made to open?

Had Mr. Grimes been on the other side he would have experienced little difficulty in accomplishing such a result.

Situated as he was he could not make use of skeleton keys or pick locks.

He seemed to be examining the bars.

Did he contemplate using some sort of acid to eat away their rusty strength?

O'Connor was in suspense.

He felt the young girl shudder.

"Courage, darling," he whispered, "we'll soon be out of this heathenish hole, and then 'twill be a short time before the parson 'll be making us one. Watch Mr. Grimes. I have faith to believe he can save us again."

The old detective had apparently changed his mind, for instead of making an attempt upon the sturdy bars he had cocked his head on one side and appeared to listen.

Acting on the hint implied, O'Connor did the same, and with good results.

Voices reached his ears.

Some one was in the building—two persons to be sure, since they conversed.

O'Connor's heart sank again.

He saw only one explanation.

Some of their enemies had returned.

Perhaps they were not satisfied with the search made here, and meant to go further.

It might even be the fellow who had pried about the grating, returning to investigate that matter a little more closely.

These were thoughts that gave O'Connor anything but pleasant sensations.

"This time they return to hunt us down. We must sell our lives dearly—it is the best we can do under the circumstances," he said.

"I think you are mistaken, sir."

"In what way?"

"These men are not our enemies."

"Who then?"

"The priests who live next the church. Now that the mob has gone, they come to see what damage has been done their church."

O'Connor began to hope.

"They will let us out of here."

"We'll make a big effort to induce them."

The voices approached.

Then, as the speakers were about to turn up an aisle near by Mr. Grimes hailed.

He had put his mouth near the bars.

"Father McDermott!"

"Who calls?" said a voice, quickly.

"Come this way."

The priests advanced.

They even stood upon the grating.

"Where are you?"

"Under your feet, father."

With exclamations of surprise the two men of holy orders started back.

Bending down they saw human beings below.

"Ah! you are a part of the rabble that has wrecked our beautiful church. A trap has held you. We shall let the law deal with you. For all the damage that has been done we shall hold you strictly to account."

"Father, you mistake. It was us whom the rabble hunted for our lives."

"Ah! say you so?"

"We took refuge in the church, believing they would not dare profane this edifice with their presence, but they climbed in through the windows. You must know me, Father McDermott—once I did you a service—I am Obed Grimes."

"The detective officer?"

"The same. This gentleman is a worthy compatriot of yours, Redmond O'Connor, exiled from his native country because he dared lift his hand against the hated English."

"Under other circumstances I should be delighted to meet Mr. O'Connor, but just now I feel as though you are to be held responsible for the injury done to our church."

"I am willing to pay every cent of it, father. Money means nothing to me, since I have unlimited millions. See, here I make a payment in advance, all I have about me—a thousand or two in bills. Now let us out of this vault, and hear our story afterward."

One of the priests took the bills.

They consulted for a few minutes.

Then one bent down.

"Wait, and I will unlock the grating. You are a good and generous man, Mr. O'Connor. We feel that the church will lose nothing at your hands."

After fumbling about for a time there was a sharp click heard.

"Now raise up on the grating."

The two men below started it, when the stouter of the two priests took hold and swung the heavy grating back.

With feelings of sincere thankfulness our friends emerged from the place.

Although they had been in the place but a short time it seemed ages.

All was quiet outside.

The enemy had apparently disbanded.

When the object of their hunt vanished from view no doubt the mob had disintegrated for lack of an object to hold its parts together.



The two priests were curious to understand what all this meant.

Mr. Grimes felt in duty bound to explain.

So he told of the abduction of Katy, her rescue from the enemy's yacht, and what had happened since then.

It was a startling story.

The priests were men of peace, but they could appreciate manly bravery.

When the outlines of the story had been modestly told by the detective they grasped the hands of the two men warmly.

"We can feel now that we are *doing* right. You have acted bravely, sirs, and we trust the future will be bright for this young couple."

"Thanks, father."

"You would escape from these ruffians—then come to the house and remain with us until morning."

"That would be kind of you, father."

"Then you accept?"

"We cannot. This gentleman has arranged for passage on a steamer leaving New York on the early morning tide."

"Ah! what will you do?"

"We must reach the Fifth Avenue Hotel as soon as it can be safely done."

"Some of the rioters may still hover around."

"I do not think so, but we must take our chances."

"By this time our man Barnacle must have brought the police, and the danger would be short-lived if it came at all."

Mr. Grimes had made up his mind.

Indeed, there was no other way.

Once on the steamer they might count on throwing their enemies off the trail, and having a period of rest and recuperation.

Of course to have remained with the two priests until morning would guarantee them safety, but at the same time it would ruin all the plans that had been so carefully laid.

Neither of the men would hear of it.

They spent a few minutes talking.

Mr. Grimes was laying out his route.

He chose a street which he believed might be overlooked by the crowd.

"Let us go, Mr. O'Connor," he said.

The Irish Monte Cristo cast a glance of mingled love and apprehension upon Katy.

He feared for her.

"I am entirely recovered from that run, dear Redmond, and equal to another if necessary. You will find me more fleet of foot than before."

She spoke in a reassuring tone.

Redmond knew it was only to quiet his apprehensions she spoke, and that even then her heart was beating faster than its wont.

"I am ready, Mr. Grimes."

They shook hands with the two priests, who showed them down the back stairs to a door that led to the narrow street.

Looking up and down they saw no signs of their late enemies—the coast seemed clear.

"We may be lucky this time," said the leader, as they stole along quietly.

Mr. Grimes was mistaken.

They had not yet seen the last of the mob.

A clock struck in a neighboring steeple.

As its echoes died away there arose a shout—it was followed by others just in their rear, and a band of rioters dashed out of a side street after them.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## OUTWITTED AT LAST.

What could be keeping Barnacle?

Plenty of time had elapsed to allow him to reach the station and return.

Could he have lost himself?

Impossible.

The waterman had been brought up in this neighborhood, and knew every foot of it.

Another thing might have happened.

There was a possibility that there was not enough men at the station to quell a riot, and the captain in charge had waited or else sent to some other station for help.

Whatever the cause, our friends suffered as the inevitable result.

Here, after all they had passed through, it seemed as though they were once more at the beginning of the affair.

The two men had so arranged their forces that one was on either side of Katy.

In this way, should she tire, they would be able to give her assistance.

O'Connor had another object.

He did not know but what some of the rioters might take it upon themselves to fire at the flying fugitives.

This would make it dangerous.

To have leaden hail rattling about their ears was something far from pleasant.

Thinking then of such a possibility, it was the intention of the brave O'Connor, should such an event occur, to interpose his own body between Katy and danger.

This was just like the man.

He had always proved himself to be the most generous and devoted of men.

A comrade would never lack for nursing, no matter what terrible disease had come upon him, so long as Redmond O'Connor was near at hand, and able to aid.

The villains, who were urged on by the money of those from the yacht, surged along and began to gain.

Mr. Grimes had drawn a revolver.

O'Connor glanced at his face.

It was sternly set.

His eyes had a most peculiar look.

The hunted Monte Cristo thought that just then the old detective was a bad man to meet.

He had danced attendance to the whims of these cowardly loafers for some time now.

The last straw had been laid on the camel's back.

It would bear no more.

Still their enemies gained.

Perhaps a shot might teach them that the fugitives were desperate.

Turning quickly the old detective let fly.

He believed he saw one of the rascals disappearing, as if he had fallen.

The rest kept on.

Their shouts were redoubled.

Evidently this sort of punishment only made them the more desirous of accomplishing the end they had in view.

Woe to the three whom they chased if once they laid hands upon them.

Such demons would not hesitate to tear them limb from limb.

A square had been passed over.

Was there no hope ahead?

Down the side street could be seen a body of men running toward them.

The police!

Stay! they passed under a street lamp.

This betrayed the fact that they were not the blue-coated officers, but a band of the rioters, advancing this way, no doubt in the hope of cutting off the fugitives.

Instead of relief the situation became darker.

What were they to do?

It seemed just like suicide to turn at bay, opposed as they were by such foes.

There was little hope of anything else, and as a fact they might be compelled to make a virtue of necessity in doing this.

They ran well.

Alone either one of the men could have outwitted the wretches who came bungling along some sixty feet or so in their rear.

Katy detained them.

Naturally she was fleet-footed as a deer.

As one of the men had hold of each arm she could not raise her skirts when running, and as a consequence they proved a detriment to speed.

Again Mr. Grimes fired.

This time one of the loudest tongued bullies fell back and began limping away.

He bellowed with pain as might a bull.

Even this second lesson failed to make any decided impression on the pursuers.

They were indeed a tough lot.

Some men do not seem to know when they are getting more than their money calls for, and these fellows were of this class.

They had already been paid.

When the intouded prey gave them the slip they might have rested, conscious that they had earned the good pay offered and received.

Not so.

Their fighting blood was up.

They would not be satisfied now until they had made every possible effort, for they little dreamed of the surprise soon to be opened on them.

It was like the advance of a confident army up to the mouth of a masked battery.

Mr. Grimes looked ahead.

No hope of succor.

Both men were panting now.

The nearest of their pursuers were not more than thirty feet away.

Another street intersected the one they were on.

Here arose a slight chance.

"We will turn the corner ahead, and then stand at bay," gasped Mr. Grimes, between his teeth.

"So be it."

Another spurt, and the corner was reached.

As they turned it the detective gave vent to an exclamation of alarm.

Seven or eight men appeared to be crouching there—had they fallen into a trap?

Just then something on the breast of the leading man glittered.

It was a badge.

Thank Heaven! these were the officers, who had arrived just in time.

Barnacle was with them.

"Forward!" came a loud order.

The officers sprang up to a man.

"Cut them down without mercy."

Uttering a cheer the policemen obeyed.

Rushing around the corner they opened fire on the rioters.

Their number was few, but they were armed with the insignia of power—the law.

As a general thing a mob is the most cowardly collection of men on earth.

Its only power lies in force of numbers.

These wretches quickly scattered before the advancing blue coats.

They fled to the dens from which they had so recently issued, bold and malicious.

Our friends did not wait to see how the little affair ended.

They made hay while the sun shone.

Barnacle joined them.

The whole party then hurried to the nearest station of the elevated road.

Half an hour later they arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Barnacle was sent away, a happy man, for he received the hundred dollars promised him.

It was by long odds the luckiest night of his whole existence.

It was half-past ten.

Mr. Grimes ran across Tom Gratton, one of the first persons he met.

Tom heard the outlines of the story in five minutes.

When ten had passed he was off to get a parson to tie the knot.

The old detective saw light ahead.

He was determined that nothing should prevent the carrying out of their plans.

When the steamer sailed for the Mediterranean all of them would be on board, and it would be managed so well that their enemies might not know of it.

Perhaps the thugs would follow.

On the other side the trail would be lost.

Trust the cunning old detective for that.

Although O'Connor and Katy were in the parlor waiting for the parson all might not be well.

There was Felix Doyle.

Mr. Grimes had caught sight of his face in the halls of the hotel.

Why was he sneaking around?

Did he have some plan in his head whereby he yet hoped to secure Katy?

The man's pertinacity was his best trait.

He really had an affection for the girl, although it did not make him a better man.

Mr. Grimes set to watching him on the sly.

There were many men in the hotel corridors.

The house was full.

Some political event was transpiring, and all the politicians of the city seemed on hand.

It was not long before the detective discovered another familiar face.

This was one of the thugs.

He glided in and out of the crowd.

Mr Grimes watched him closely.

At last the Peruvian don and Felix Doyle came together through some accident.



To the surprise of the detective the Irish plotter drew the thug aside.

Then they knew each other.

Doyle must have had a hand in conveying Katy to the steam-yacht.

Things began to clear up.

Mr. Grimes had found the hole in the grindstone, and it was easy to look through.

What were they plotting now?

The game had grown gradually to the point when one bold stroke must win or lose.

He saw his chance, and crawling behind the two men managed to reach a point where he could catch their conversation.

Just as he had suspected, they were plotting how the girl might be secured again.

The Irish schemer seemed ingenious with his designs, and when he mentioned how the couple might be waylaid when on the way to the steamer—for they seemed to believe our friends were booked for Liverpool on a Cunarder, Mr. Grimes having planned to let it get around that way—the listener could not but admire the plot.

At the same time he meant to baffle it.

He waited in his concealment until the two had passed away.

Then he set to work.

His method was ingenious.

He picked out a chambermaid who showed signs of having courage.

To her he confided as much of the scheme as was necessary.

Tom Gratton found a man who would answer for O'Connor in the night.

Mr. Grimes then showed his power.

Before the parson Tom had engaged put in an appearance this couple, dressed to imitate the bride and groom were in an adjoining room.

A heavy fee and natural love for excitement caused them both to anticipate pleasure.

All was not yet arranged.

Tom slipped out and engaged a second hackman, this time at the side of the marble hotel.

The dominie came.

In the room a few gentlemen were gathered, the head clerk lending dignity to the occasion.

It was known that the Irish Monte Cristo was the possessor of millions, and the interest in him was naturally great.

The ceremony began.

By special request Mr. Grimes gave the bride away, and he did so with pleasure.

Never had he seen a lovelier bride or a more manly looking groom.

It was finished.

There had been no interruption.

This was one reason why the shrewd old detective had made the ceremony so public.

The enemy did not dare intrude.

They had arranged their plan so that what they desired would be accomplished at any rate, though in another way.

When the ceremony was over those present congratulated the couple.

Their story was one of great romance, and it enlisted the sympathy of all hearts.

So far as the outsiders knew the troubles of both were now ended.

They had reached the haven of rest.

The Irish Monte Cristo was in a position to protect his love.

For about half an hour they chatted and talked.

Then Mr. Grimes looked at his watch.

"Time's up. We must be off."

A little excitement ensued.

Good-byes were said.

The couple retired into an adjoining room a few minutes to finish packing a valise.

Presently the cry was raised:

"There they go down the hall. They've stolen a march on us."

A rush was made after the couple.

O'Connor wore a slouch hat pulled down over his eyes.

His bride had on a gray veil.

Through the offices, and out to the front, the couple went followed by a dozen persons.

Once in the hack the bride waved her delicately gloved hand out of the window, and blew kisses back to her friends and well wishers.

Some enterprising friends threw handfuls of rice after them, and an old shoe flung by a chambermaid landed on top of the vehicle.

They were gone.

The plan had been a great success.

In three minutes Mr. Grimes was with the genuine O'Connor and his bride.

With faithful Tom Gratton they awaited him.

"We must leave here in five minutes."

"All ready now," said O'Connor.

"First explain this mystery."

Katy was bewildered.

She had not been taken into their confidence yet.

So Mr. Grimes told how in a dark street the hack

would be stopped, the driver having been bribed, and the bride carried off.

If O'Connor made any objection he was to be knocked senseless, not killed, for the thugs considered his life precious as long as he held their treasure.

"And this couple who personated us?"

"They are Bessie, the chambermaid, and her husband, John Flynn. I found he would do to make up as O'Connor, while she was eager for the adventure. Redmond paid their cabin passage to and from Queenstown, and gave them five hundred dollars besides. They will have a tremendous time of it."

"But they will stop the carriage——"

"And find plain John Flynn and his wife in it, for they have ere this removed all disguise. Depend upon it, they will not be hurt. And when the would-be kidnappers come rushing back to look for us we will be gone."

"I comprehend now. Oh, Mr. Grimes, how much we owe you. But for your help how unsafe we should have been."

"Don't mention it. Your husband here has taken me into his service, and done the handsome thing by me. I am ready to do still more for you, but now the time has come for us to be off."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

They lost no time.

O'Connor had donned a disguise so that no one might possibly recognize him.

Katy was veiled.

While the pair went out the sideway the detective and Tom Gratton proceeded to leave the hotel by the main entrance.

Passing around they found the couple already in the vehicle.

Soon they were away for the steamer that was to take them to the Mediterranean direct.

Mr. Grimes and Gratton had ordered everything sent down that they would need and money could buy.

Katy regretted having had no time to purchase an outfit or trousseau, but Mr. Grimes gave it as his opinion that she would enjoy this all the more on the other side.

The wonders of Paris would be a pleasure to any feminine mind, especially when an unlimited bank account stood back of it.

No accident happened to them.

The steamer was reached.

Would she sail on time?

The captain believed so.

Already the fog was lifting, and with the turn of the tide they might be able to move off down the harbor.

Mr. Grimes remained on deck.

He and Tom Gratton stationed themselves where they could see.

If any of the thugs or Felix Doyle came aboard they meant to know it.

There was plenty of light at the Anchor Line pier.

Freight handlers sang and chaffed each other as they continued to load the steamer up to the very time of their departure.

It was a lively scene, and the two watchers did not feel at all sleepy.

Besides, they could make up for any lack of rest when out upon the deep blue sea.

All was well.

They saw no signs of the enemy.

One thing Mr. Grimes had feared.

This was that the keen-witted pursuers of the Irish Monte Cristo, finding how they had been duped, would send a portion of their force to the Cunard steamer, and learning that a boat of the Anchor Line would sail on the same tide, come back to her dock with a deputation to see if the fugitives were aboard.

Under the circumstances he was greatly relieved when the bell rang all ashore, and the black hulled steamer began to move from her berth.

Tugs snorted and puffed, whistling signals to each other.

It was almost too late now for any one to come aboard.

A carriage drove up, and two men alighted.

They made a run for it, and took a flying leap.

Mr. Grimes saw one sprawl near him.

He caught the other just in time, else the daring voyager would have gone down into the water.

At first he had thought these must be the enemy, but a second look changed his views.

They were only some ordinary passengers.

Probably there is never a train pulls out of the depot or a ship leave her dock but what some belated individual who has not been wise enough to take time by the forelock creates something of a sensation in his last rush.

When the vessel had cleared her dock, and was feeling her way into the upper bay, Mr. Grimes and Gratton went to their state-room.

They slept for some hours.

When they awoke the sun was up.

The fog was just lifting.

They had been moving all the while, but slowly, for fear of collisions.

New York harbor is not the safest place in the world for a steamer to move about under a full head of steam during one of the occasional heavy fogs.

Accidents have frequently happened, and the wise commander feels his way beyond Sandy Hook, when he has the whole ocean before him.

When our two friends came on deck a number of passengers were there enjoying the beautiful scene in the early morning.

They would soon be scarce enough.

The heaving ocean would keep them below.

There were not many passengers on board, and our friends, being old travelers, able to stand the ordinary rolling of a vessel, would doubtless have it pretty much their own way.

Mr. Grimes had borrowed the glass from the captain, and was looking his last upon the beautiful borders of the bay.

It would be some time ere he set eyes on the well remembered scene again.

He had turned what business he had on hand over to a great friend, and there was nothing to bother him on this bright morning.

Presently he turned his glass upon a large steamer that was about half a mile astern, and somewhat on their starboard quarter.

Her ensign and smoke-stack announced the Cunarder.

Suddenly Mr. Grimes puckered up his lips in that old peculiar way of his, though no whistle escaped them.

"What's up?"

O'Connor said this, having reached the side of the old detective just in time to witness the expression of surprise and disgust on his face.

"Ah! is that you, Mr. O'Connor?"

"They say it is the unexpected that always happens. Take a look through the glass at the Servia.

"There is a cluster of people near her bow."

The Irish Monte Cristo did so.

He too expressed surprise.

"Bless my soul, there's the whole gang, thugs and Felix Doyle—six in all, just one lacking."

"Exactly. That fellow hasn't got back from Fall River or Boston yet."

"But what does it mean? I thought——"

"There must have been a blunder—they missed the carriage after all. Believing you and your sweet wife had reached the Servia, at the last moment the whole of them boarded her.

No doubt they believe you are on board still. They may discover their mistake, or it is possible



the other side may be reached before it becomes known."

"Ah, that is good."

"Not so good as it might be."

"You are worried a little."

"Yes. You see there is a chance that when we land we may find that ugly gang awaiting us. The *Servia* is bound for Liverpool, but being faster than this boat will reach there some days before we draw near our destination."



"TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE GLASS AT THE *SERVIA*."

"Yes, I see."

"That gives them a chance to take passage for London by rail, and then across to the continent."

O'Connor's brow darkened.

He had hoped the troubles were all in the past.

"What shall we do, Mr. Grimes?"

"Have faith in me. I have brought you through

safely so far, and I can baffle those indefatigable hunters yet.

"We will quit the steamer at some port in France, and bury ourselves on the Continent under assumed names. They will grow tired of hunting, and finally go back whence they came."

"You quite encourage me, sir."

"Have no fears. Obed Grimes has outwitted keener men than they. One thing let me warn you against, sir.

"Do not let Katy dream that there is a cloud upon the sky."

"I will not. Her honey-moon shall be the brightest a young wife ever spent."

"Let us keep out of sight. Those fellows might get hold of a glass and recognize us even as we did them."

So while the *Servia* was in sight all morning our friends took care not to expose themselves.

The Cunarder gradually forged ahead and took another course.

By noon all danger of detection was over.

O'Connor dismissed all fears from his mind, feeling that Mr. Grimes was equal to the task of baffling any move made by his foes.

So the brave Irish Monte Cristo sailed for the Old World, taking a blushing bride with him.

He had left Europe some years before a political fugitive, and now he returned many times a millionaire.

His life had been one of adventure, and probably the future held much of excitement for him and his. It may not be a great while before we see more of keen Mr. Grimes and the brave Irish Monte Cristo.

(THE END.)

# SEA AND SHORE SERIES.

---

Stories of Strange Adventure Afloat and Ashore.

---

ISSUED MONTHLY.

---

All Books in this Series are Fully Illustrated.

---

The above-named series is issued in clear, large type, uniform in size with "The Select Series," and will consist of the most thrilling and ingeniously constructed stories, by popular and experienced writers in the field of fiction. The following books are now ready:

No. 1.—An Irish Monte Cristo, by John Sherman.

No. 2.—The Silver Ship, by Lewis Leon.

No. 3.—The Brown Princess, by M. V. Victor.

No. 4.—The Locksmith of Lyons, by Prof Wm. Henry Peck.

No. 5.—Theodora, written from the popular play by John R. Coryell.

---

Price, 25 Cents Each.

---

For sale by all Booksellers and News Agents, or will be sent, *postage free*, to any address in the United States or Canada, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

STREET & SMITH,

P. O. BOX 2734,

31 ROSE STREET, NEW YORK.


## DO YOU LIKE DETECTIVE STORIES?

You will find the Very Best, by Authors of First-class Ability, in

## THE SECRET SERVICE SERIES, (S. S. S.)

ISSUED MONTHLY,

**STREET & SMITH, Publishers, New York.**

 This series is enjoying a larger sale than any similar series ever published. None but American Authors are represented on our list, and the Books are all Copyrighted, and can be had only in the

### SECRET SERVICE SERIES.

LATEST ISSUES.

**Price, 25 Cents Each.**

**FULLY ILLUSTRATED.**

No. 16.—The Mountaineer Detective, by Clayton W. Cobb.

No. 15—Tom and Jerry, by Tony Pastor.

No. 14—The Detective's Clew, by "Old Hutch."

No. 13—Darke Darrell, by Frank H. Stanffer.

No. 12—The Dog Detective, by Lieutenant Murray.

No. 11—The Maltese Cross, by Eugene T. Sawyer.

No. 10—The Post-Office Detective, by Geo. W. Goode.

No. 9—Old Mortality, by Young Baxter.

No. 8—Little Lightning, by Police Captain James.

No. 7—The Chosen Man.

No. 6—Old Stonewall.

No. 5—The Masked Detective.

No. 4—The Twin Detectives, by K. F. Hill.

No. 3—Van the Government Detective, by "Old Sleuth."

No. 2—Bruce Angelo, by "Old Sleuth."

No. 1—Brant Adams, by "Old Sleuth."

For Sale by all Newsdealers, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price by the publishers, STREET & SMITH, New York.

**THE SELECT SERIES.**  
**ISSUED MONTHLY,**  
**DEVOTED TO GOOD READING IN AMERICAN FICTION.**

---

**Price, 25 Cents Each.**

---

**FULLY ILLUSTRATED.**

---

- No. 1.—THE SENATOR'S BRIDE, by Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller.  
No. 2.—A WEDDED WIDOW ; or, The Love That Lived, by T. W. Hanshew.  
No. 3.—VELLA VERNEL ; or, An Amazing Marriage, by Mrs. Sumner Hayden.  
No. 4.—BONNIE JEAN, by Mrs. E. Burke Collins.  
No. 5.—BRUNETTE AND BLONDE ; or, The Struggle for a Ring, by Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller.  
No. 6.—A STORMY WEDDING, by Mary E. Bryan.  
No. 7.—GRATIA'S TRIALS ; or, Making Her Own Way, by Lucy Randall Comfort.  
No. 8.—WILL SHE WIN ? or, The Charmed Necklace, by Emma Garrison Jones.  
No. 9.—THE WIDOW'S WAGER, by Rose Ashleigh.  
No. 10.—OCTAVIA'S PRIDE ; or, The Missing Witness, by Charles T. Manners.  
No. 11.—BADLY MATCHED ; or, Woman Against Woman, by Helen Corwin Pierce.  
No. 12.—THE PHANTOM WIFE, by M. V. Victor.  
No. 13.—THE BRIDE-ELECT, by Annie Ashmore.  
No. 14.—FLORENCE FALKLAND, by Burke Brentford.  
No. 15.—THE VIRGINIA HEIRESS, by May Agnes Fleming.  
No. 16.—SIBYL'S INFLUENCE, by Georgie Sheldon.  
No. 17.—THE HOUSE OF SECRETS, by Mrs. Harriet Lewis.  
No. 18.—ROSAMOND, by Mrs. Alex. McVeigh Miller.  
No. 19.—A LATE REPENTANCE ; or, The Little White Hand, by Mary E. Denison.  
No. 20.—INGOMAR ; or, The Triumph of Love, by Nathan D. Uner.

The above works are for sale by all Newdealers, or will be sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price, 25 cents each, by the publishers,

**STREET & SMITH,**

**R. O. Box 2734.**

**31 ROSE STREET, New York.**





“My Soul! I mean that bit of Phosphorus that takes the place.”

JAS. RUSSELL LOWELL.

## Crosby's Vitalized Phosphites,

From the Nerve-Giving principles of the  
Ox Brain and the embryo of Wheat.

For 20 years has been the standard remedy with Physicians who  
treat MENTAL and NERVOUS DISORDERS.

It strengthens the intellect, restores lost  
functions, builds up worn out nerves,  
promotes digestion, improves the memory,  
cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

*It has been used and recommended by Bishops Potter,  
Stevens and Robertson; Presidents Mark Hopkins,  
Dudley and Hamilton; Professors Parker, Draper and  
Beard; by Bismarck and thousands of the world's best  
brain-workers.*

“It is a vital nutrient Phosphite, not an inert acid Phosphate.”

“Every one speaks well of VITALIZED Phosphites.”

*Christian at Work.*

56 W. 25th St., N. Y. For sale by Druggists, or sent by mail, \$1.





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00022898711